

# Punch



# Life's simple pleasures

We have always had a weakness for the 'blanket phrase' and we know of none that covers quite so much ground as the simple statement 'I like dancing'. It can mean that you like to watch the ballet; or that you enjoy the lucky-dip delights of the Paul Jones. You may morris-dance upon the village green or fox-trot at the Hunt Ball. You may even be one of those enviable people who are undaunted by the complications of certain modern measures which to our (no doubt untutored) eyes owe more to St. Vitus than to Terpsichore. Our own taste leans (as you might expect) towards the sedate rather than the athletic and the invitation to 'take your partners' finds us always ready for action. This is not surprising for, in our business lives, we are so often asked to help our customers. All kinds of people are constantly taking the Midland Bank into their confidence about their affairs; and, we are happy to say, the harmony of the 'perfect partnership' between banker and customer frequently achieves results which could not have been obtained alone any more than one could successfully fox-trot single-handed.



MIDLAND BANK LIMITED • HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2 • 2250 BRANCHES IN ENGLAND AND WALES

# PUNCH

Vol. CCXXXVIII No. 6241  
May 4 1960



## Articles

- 604 HARRISON SALISBURY  
*American Attitudes : Have the  
Rebels Found a Cause?*
- 607 SIRIOL HUGH-JONES  
*Helpful Wedding-Day Hints for  
Ladies*
- 609 CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS  
*And One for the Horse*
- 611 E. S. TURNER  
*The Apparel Of Proclaims the Man*
- 617 BERNARD HOLLOWOOD  
*Angry Silence, Stop, As You Were*
- 618 H. F. ELLIS  
*Have B.A.—Will Travel : End of  
Term*
- 621 J. E. HINDER  
*The Return of Wendy*
- 624 ERIC KEOWN with RONALD  
SEARLE  
*Sur les Tuiles de Paris*

## Verse

- 608 EVOE  
*For a Morning in May*
- 622 J. B. BOOTHROYD  
*Spring Line*

## Features

- 613 EDUCATION CITY  
*R. G. G. Price and Angela Milne  
with Smilby*
- 626 IN THE CITY  
*Lombard Lane*
- 626 IN THE COUNTRY  
*Stella Corso*
- 627 ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT  
*Percy Somerset*
- 634 FOR WOMEN
- 636 TOBY COMPETITIONS

## Criticism

- 628 FILMS (Richard Mallett)
- 629 RADIO (Henry Turton)
- 629 OPERA (Charles Reid)
- 630 THEATRE (Eric Keown)
- 631 BOOKING OFFICE  
*John Raymond : Who Killed Cock  
Robin?*

## Subscriptions

If you wish to have *Punch* sent to your home each week, send £2 16s. 0d.\* to the Publisher, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

\*For overseas rates see page 636.

© Bradbury Agnew & Company, Limited—1960

## The London Charivari

IT strikes me as odd that so many TV interviewers in England should question men like the Bishop of Johannesburg about whether they would not have done better to stay in Africa and face martyrdom, even, it is hinted, court it. Similarly, Dr. Banda was asked whether he should not be back in his prison cell like the other political prisoners, instead of presenting the case for his people in Britain and the United States. The dilemma whether to stay and suffer and be ineffectual or to be at liberty and conduct propaganda and negotiations is an old one. Whatever may be the right course for the man who is opposed to the policies of the Government in whose territory he lives, surely it is a bit much for those who live in safety and comfort to try to make him feel a deserter.

### Sound and Fury

I AM enormously interested in these humming noises in Kent and elsewhere that no one can explain and no Government department will take responsibility for, but which are intrusive

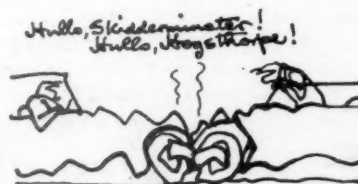


enough to agitate whole village populations. They are, of course, nothing new; the author of one of the popular books on flying saucers, Desmond Leslie, I think it was, drew attention to

them five years ago or more, with the implication that they might be caused by some agent from outer space. My own theory, for what it's worth, is that they are the purring of the Jungian "collective unconscious" of all the British who have never had it so good.

### Road-Hog Recognition

FROM Derby comes this pronouncement by a safety expert: "A bad driver is a slur on the town whose registration mark he carries around with him." I wonder how many motorists, in the fierce cut-and-thrust on the A20, are in the habit of exclaiming "Another dolt from



Derby!" or "They don't know any better in Bradford." (One snag, of course, is that the car with Derby plates may be owned by a hog domiciled in Cornwall). In Ickham, as we saw on television, is a specialist who, faced with a three-digit car number, can give you at once the opening line of the hymn of that number in *Ancient and Modern*. He looked an unfurried type, but would even he be in a mood to exclaim, after a damned near-run thing at the crossroads, "What else can you expect from 'Brief Life Is Here Our Portion'?"





"Gilbertson, Gildon, Gilmore... no, sir, I'm afraid there's no one called Guillebaud working here."

#### Free Discipline State

ANNOUNCING that the speed limit in Royal Parks was being raised to 30 m.p.h., the Minister of Works said it was the best way in which to get respect for the law. This seems a new line in jurisprudence: the legislator should find out what people do and then make it legal. Murder, being a minority crime, would stay banned, while careless driving, which is pretty general, would be given statutory protection. An increase in convictions for any crime would, presumably, be a reason for removing it from the calendar.

#### French and English

THE French Fortnight is a grand idea, not only for the straightforward pleasure it brings us (how often in our lifetimes do we see advertisements for international fencing matches?) but because it stops our children growing up with too many illusions. A French festival organized by a prep-school might so easily consist of taking French leave to sit in a French window, on a French-polished chair, eating French bread and watching French cricket played to the music of French horns; and how peculiarly British that would be.

#### No Strings

INNOVATIONS in one of the first week's issues of *The New Daily* were an opening column called "Thinking Points," a women's page edited by a man ("like most of us I like good food"), one letter to the editor ("I do not make a habit of writing letters to the editors of newspapers") headed "Letters to the Editor" five-sixths of a column long with a footnote urging correspondents to keep their letters brief, and seven columns, dispersed here and there, of proprietors' advertisements. Negro is spelt with a small "n." Classified advertisements included a sturdy 18-inch square platform table enabling orators to stand 12 inches above their audience. The Free Press (same address) offers printing services without restrictive practices, proclaiming: "Our works is not tied to any trade union."

#### Keep it Gloomy

"WE are sorry," said the southern organizer of the Lord's Day Observance Society to the producer of a charity concert designed to raise funds for the Queen Victoria Hospital at East Grinstead, "to find you are prepared to desecrate God's day for such a noble cause." I suppose it is still possible to believe that giving some people pleasure on Sundays with the idea of relieving



"And who'll be looking after the Commonwealth?"

#### ESCAPE WITH MRS. DYSON

A new series of stories by Alex Atkinson begins next Wednesday. Illustrations by Ronald Searle.

other people's suffering seven days a week can be described as "desecrating God's day"; but it seems odd that anyone should think it worse to desecrate it for a noble cause than a bad one. From now on, if we want to escape the attentions of the Society, we had better devote the takings of any Sunday entertainments we sponsor to financing chemmy-parties or fomenting industrial unrest.

#### The Case for the Bus

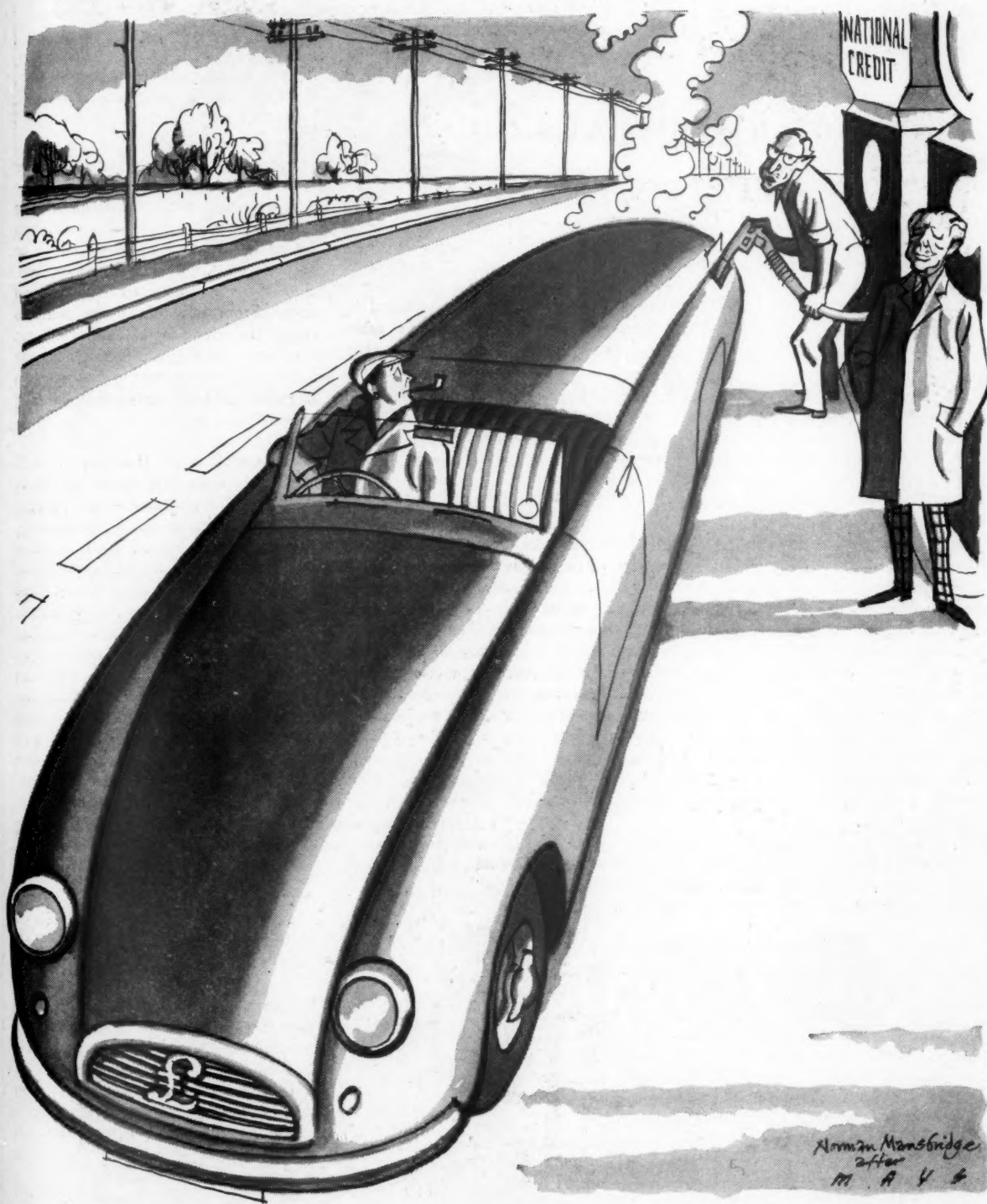
IF the leaders of the Taxi Fleet Operators' Federation, the London Motor Cab Proprietors' Association, the Motor Cab Owner-Drivers' Association and the Transport and General Workers' Union really believe, as they have tried to persuade the Minister of Transport and other Members of Parliament, that any increase in the number of taxi-cabs in London would be excessive, they all ought to load their arms with parcels during the rush hour some rainy evening, cry "Taxi!" and learn how much, how soon, joy ensues.

#### Throw it Open to the Public?

WELL, stone me. I never thought to hear such tributes to those old grey Dartmoor walls. Citizens of Princetown, chorusing to the theme "Don't Take our Prison Away," simply couldn't say enough for it at last week's official inquiry; if it went, said a farmer, farmlands would become derelict; a publican expected to go bust; the vicar foresaw that church life would be seriously affected; the postmaster that Princetown "could cease to exist"; a district nurse spoke of how "prison officers' children who come here get a bloom on their cheeks." It was all rather moving, and only lacked a sentimental word from local quarry proprietors. And, possibly for the other side, something by an accredited spokesman of the criminal classes.

— MR. PUNCH





"D'you mind switching off, sir? She's gaining on me."

## AMERICAN ATTITUDES

*The author was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1955 for a book on Russia and recently published **The Shook-up Generation**, about juvenile delinquency in New York*



### 6 HAVE THE REBELS FOUND A CAUSE? - By HARRISON SALISBURY

THE headline reads: "Teen Gang Slaying: Two Boys Guilty." Another says: "Dope Parties by Well-To-Do Youths." And a third: "Gang Boys Raid Gun Shop: Seize Armory."

Is this America? Is this American youth? Certainly it is the America of the popular Hollywood movies, of the yellow newspapers, of the publicized *Rebels Without a Cause* and of *The Shook-Up Generation*. Nor is this picture of American youth solely the creation of cheap journalism and cinematic potboilers.

It has, events have repeatedly demonstrated, only too solid a foundation in sensationally sordid fact. Certainly it is not true that *all* American youngsters are Jay Dees. But the initials (for Juvenile Delinquency) have been so popularized by headline and by television soap opera that they are used humorously, bitterly, sarcastically, and often casually, by American adolescents to refer to themselves and to their contemporaries.

It is not true that most 16-year-old American girls slip out of school into the car of the boy to whom they are, in the current practice, engaged-to-be-engaged (to be married) and dash off at eighty miles an hour to the boy's home for a quick fix.

But there is a big, commercialized, efficient and enormously profitable organization which operates *all* over America and which is engaged in the distribution and sale of narcotics. Its primary market is the adolescent who can so much more easily be introduced to addiction than the less pliant adult. And youthful narcotics addiction is a problem closely associated with juvenile delinquency and the huge petty crime rate of the big cities (hold-ups and muggings to get money to "feed a habit" which may cost \$25 to \$50 a day).

It is not true that teenage gangs fight it out on the streets of New York every afternoon and evening to the point that whole areas of the city are unsafe for noncombatants. But it is true that in recent years adolescent delinquents have employed on the streets of Manhattan a startling variety of armaments including sub-machine guns, a small cannon, bottles of acid, cans of lye and even old navy cutlasses.

It is not true that the techniques of Al Capone and the gang wars of the Prohibition days have been transferred bodily to the setting of New York's concrete-paved playgrounds and litter-strewn slum clearance housing projects.

But it is true that a teenage gang up on 125th Street in Harlem once forced an adult "Numbers Mob" to "punk out." The adults had set up an accounting office for their betting ring in a street which was the "turf" of the adolescents. The adults tried to drive the youngsters away, fearing their warfare would bring too much police attention to the street. The youngsters would not budge. The adult racketeers even complained to the police. But the teenagers won out. The adults picked up their "policy" slips and moved away.

There is no denying that in the decade from 1950 to 1960 a considerable portion of American youth has shown deep symptoms of a decay in morality, social behaviour and personal motivation. This has affected not only the bitter, deprived, depressed and debased youngsters of the big city slums—the emigrant Negroes from the rural slums of South Carolina and Alabama, the emigrant Puerto Ricans from the



backward slums of the island and the marginal Italian and Irish groups. It has shown up in the split-level homes of the newly bulldozed suburbs to which the white-collar class has fled from the cities. And even the youngsters raised in the supposedly wholesome corn-and-hog farmlands of the middle west or up in the flinty hills of the maple-syrup and flapjack terrain of New England have been affected.

Alongside this emergence of random violence by the young, directed outward towards almost any passing target and directed inward against each other, has been the closely associated rise of the so-called "beat" generation—a generation of nihilistic post-adolescent youth—college youngsters and those five or ten years older who hitch their banner to the cult of the ragged beard, ritualistically passionless sex and antagonism towards any goal other than acquisition of "the habit" which invariably is "horse" or heroin.

While the "shook-ups" or gang adolescents are generally not of an intellectual level to relate readily to the "beats" there is a shadow ground between the two groups and a certain amount of identity in motivation (or lack of motivation). The two groups tend to meet on the level of drug addiction and, in part, in the sub-jungles of the jazz musicians' world, which has provided both shook-ups and beats with much of their active vocabulary.

There has been endless dispute by sociologists, social workers, teachers and others as to the extent of influence which these two related nihilisms have had upon American youth. Actual numbers of participants in either category have been small. In New York City, where there is more teenage gang fighting than anywhere else, not more than one per cent of the city's youngsters are estimated by the police to be involved even indirectly. But of course in some slum areas involvement may be close to a hundred per cent. The percentage of "beats" in the total population is infinitesimal although this is belied by the extravagant publicity which they have received and by the spread of their more dreary extrovert characteristics (scraggly beards, sloppy trousers, dirty shirts, sagging jersey sweaters, pale un-made-up female complexions and a general suggestion of non-washing, non-combing, to otherwise unaffected groups of youngsters.)

Moralists and philosophers have sought to find a reason for the appearance of these nihilists in the debasement of

traditional American idealism and purposefulness which followed World War II and which may have been peculiarly associated with the Korean War. Others, more politically inclined, have sought a parallel between the drift and purposelessness of the Eisenhower era on the adult level and the similar phenomenon among the young.

It may well be that there is some relationship. When Dick Clark, the disc-jockey idol of the shook-ups, became involved in the great "payola" scandal it did not cost him any of his youthful admirers. Indeed, their reaction universally was: "Why pick on Dick? He hasn't done anything everyone else doesn't. All businessmen take or give payola."

The reaction of the shook-ups was, characteristically, resentment and anger. Once again their feeling grew that adult society was at war with them, that a double standard of morality was being imposed upon them.

The amorality and basic insensitivity of this youthful group was epitomized by another of the idols, Elvis Presley. It is not yet certain whether Presley is going to regain his place in the firmament of the shook-ups after being away two years in the Army. Certainly his return to America a few months ago did not bring out admirers by the thousand, as some had expected (although the year's heaviest blizzard may have had some effect on the crowds). But Presley's statement to the press quite clearly demonstrated the curiously numb qualities of the young people who have made him their symbol. He was asked whether he would change his pelvic method of performing and replied: "If I stand still I'm dead. I don't look at those movements as suggestive. It's a natural movement." He was then asked whether he found any differences between American and German girls. "They are all females," was his response.

Up to a very few months ago this picture of American youth would have been almost complete. It would not have been accurate to suggest that the shook-ups and the beats typified American youth. But it would have been accurate to report that they were spectacular end-products of a deep vein of purposelessness.

A Smith College editor summed it up in these words:

"Sometimes, we write home to mommy and daddy about the World Situation and occasionally we mention it to dear ol' Joe. Dear ol' Joe smiles and asks us to dance."





"We think of the money America spends on beer and cigarettes and we worry about the economic situation and democracy and things when we see another TV antenna go up across the street.

"We frown about our culture and its values as we tip the Negro waiters and we promise we'll talk about the image of America sometime to somebody when we tour Europe this summer.

"We're the very picture of American Youth. We gaze at the wide horizons of the world before us with a questioning mind, filled with faith, hope and charity. We forget that challenge, like charity, begins at home."

Each spring since World War II large numbers of college students from the north have made their way south during Easter vacation in a new version of the rites of spring. Like flocks of goony birds the young men have crowded into their 200-horsepower automobiles and blazed down the super-highways to the Florida beaches. By some mnemonic communication each year the flocks head for a particular beach. By fast train and cheap air excursion the college girls hurry south, too, to the place, in the words of a current fictional dissection of the phenomenon, "where the boys are." For a week in the hot Florida sun American youth indulges itself. Then, refreshed, sun-burned, muscle-weary, it treks back north to resume the grind of the educational process.

## THEN AS NOW

*The Channel Tunnel seems to have been a stock joke for almost as long as the English weather*



### OUR NATURAL ADVANTAGES.

M. le Comte (who has come to London for the Season of 1888). "Ah bah! You are afraid of the Channel Tunnel! Quelle bêtise! Vy, it is not your 'Silvaire Streak' zat protect you from ze Invasion, mes Amis! It is your sacred dog of a Climate!"

August 4, 1888

This year the annual spring migration occurred as usual. But something new was added. To and from the Florida beaches many northern college students halted at southern campuses—negro campuses for the most part. Some northern students even gave up the beaches in order to spend all their time looking into the movement of the negro students for an end to discrimination on account of race.

Thus, as if by magic, the politically unmotivated, socially undirected, purposeless goony bird flight was transformed into involvement in one of the deepest and most complex socio-political movements of the day.

Nor was this entirely accidental. For some months there have been signs on the campuses and in the schools of a burgeoning new youthful direction—towards interest in and participation in the big issues of the day.

Not only did it seem significant that the northern students were interesting themselves in the Negro movement. It was even more significant that the whole crusade had been touched off by students—southern Negro students, a class which up to the present had been one of the most apolitical in the whole society.

Now the southern Negro students found themselves catapulted into one of the most intense social struggles America has seen since the days of the New Deal nearly thirty years ago.

Thus far this movement has caught up in its sway not the shook-ups but the potential recruits for the beats. Social workers who know the young street-fighting gangs of New York well have persistently reported that it was futile to attempt to enlist these youngsters in any cause—political, social or religious. It has been their conviction that these youngsters are too limited in their outlook on the world, too handicapped by emotional paralysis and distortion, too illiterate and too crippled intellectually to be moved by any cause more complex than gang loyalty or gross selfish satisfactions.

This rule may not hold true if the student movement grows and the struggle becomes more intense. The dedicated idealism and Gandhi-like quality of the Negro student leadership has enormous attractive force. In southern cities it tends to divide the lines between adolescents—the duckbill hair-cuts, the sports-jackets lads, the white idlers become leaders of the fight against the Negro crusade. But the enormous pride felt by every segment of the Negro community in the courage and daring of the Negro students has spread even to the most depressed elements which provide the recruits for the Negro fighting gangs.

It is too early to say how these powerful social forces will affect American youth in general. Possibly they will only touch it lightly. College students are notoriously fickle in their enthusiasms. The ill-adjusted anti-social teenagers are even more so. But there seems a chance, at least, that a new set of ideals, a new set of objectives, a new set of mores may now be in the making which will relegate the black leather jacket, the car aerial whip, the hillbilly crooner and sadistic-masochistic sex attitudes to the same scrap-heap where now are to be found the legends of Horatio Alger youth and the myths of boy pioneers of the Great Frontier.

**Further contributors will include: Michael Demarest, Thomas Griffith, Ian Nairn, Vance Packard, Patrick Skene Catling.**



## Helpful Wedding-Day Hints for Ladies

By SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

### *For Backwoods Peeresses*

**M**AKE sure you've got the right invitation, not one of the old ones. I know it can be quite muddling when the years whizz by so quickly, and one doesn't visit the Abbey that often—but this time you won't be needing coronets fitted with good packed lunches. That was the Coronation. Wear something nice and floppy (how about Old, Borrowed and Blue, with perhaps a spanking new pair of gloves?), you don't want to be filmed trying to dislodge an artificial rose-petal from between your shoulder-blades.

Should you be waylaid by any starving journalist begging for alms, try to find some perfectly harmless crumb of information to make his lot a happier one in a lean time—maybe you might recall what your husband's great-aunt gave you as a wedding-present (that would be a nice topical touch) or perhaps you could deny a rumour that your daughter and Mr. Billy Wallace had ever exchanged a joke. You may talk

freely with photographers, but some of them will have only a limited interest in the superb pictures the bridegroom took of your children down in the country.

Don't be frightened of Monsieur Cocteau; he and the gentleman who was so constantly expected to astonish Diaghilev are indeed one and the same, but in fact he is now a very stately academician and distinguished beyond belief. And remember he's not representing French Fortnight either.

Don't be beastly about the Bernadottes, you never know who may be listening.

Don't cry into a paper handkerchief unless you remember to take along an empty box for the throw-aways, you don't want the Abbey to look an absolute mess afterwards.

### *For Bystanders and Sitters*

Those in a position to sit down will have already done so days ago, while

there were still various forms of transport available to get them to their seats. If you happen to be sitting down in, say, an office window overlooking the route don't borrow any of the office supply of stamps, even if you do offer to pay for them, and don't keep asking the secretaries to dash around buying you fresh supplies of sandwiches and extra blankets. You may be living hard, but think of what the three-day queues at the Royal Opera House box-office go through on the pavement in all sorts of weather.

I haven't a word of encouragement for people who plan to drift along at the last moment and just stand about at some point of vantage. There must be some sort of train running into Victoria and Waterloo as late as mid-week, and after that you must just do the best you can. You probably won't see much of the Glass Coach, but it can of course be thoroughly enjoyable swapping jokes with total strangers, swigging mugs of boiling tea, keeping a close grip on the



children, making so many new friends, folding newspapers into rain-hats and thumping the people in front on the back of the head. Faint-hearts and those with weak arches may find an all-day picnic in Kensington Gardens the perfect answer, while making it possible to tell your grandchildren You Were There, and at crumb-lobbing distance from the Grace and Favour residence to boot.

Actresses who have been photographed by Mr. Armstrong-Jones should not show off and lug their heavy press-cuttings books along with them. There is a chance you might find yourself elbow to elbow with a novelist who had been given a good review by Mrs. Gilliatt, and then who'd feel small and over-boastful?

Anybody not wearing good sensible shoes as chosen by the Queen for the Badminton Trials is just out of her mind. Really hatty hats all made of rose-petals may be both fashionable and a gesture towards romance and loyalty, but you must take the risk of being plucked in handfuls and cast into the road by someone carried away by the excitement of the moment. Honestly, if you can't be dressed by Hartnell it is often wisest just to plan for rain, and pick up all the tips you can from Aldermaston veterans about after-care for the feet.

In no circumstances attempt to set out with less than three shopping baskets, a rucksack, umbrella, souvenir programme, portable radio, smelling salts and a small flag.



#### *For Homebodies and TV watchers*

You'll have been hard at it all week, planning to make your TV party the success of the year for the Wedding of the Century. A nice light make-up is going to be the thing, something fresh and young that you can put on at dawn and won't need to touch again for hours and hours, and not too much mascara because of those tears. I expect you'll have thought of something amusing to eat, maybe Ms and

As in icing sugar all over everything or teeny sandwiches cut in the shape of crowns and cameras? Are you planning to frame the TV screen in rose-petals maybe? And don't tell me you've forgotten the little ones are going to have the day off from school and you haven't press-ganged an organizer for the organized games? Don't snap at your husband if the set breaks down in mid-service—especially not if you have been gazing at him all morning with a frightful misty smile and making him feel an absolute charley.

#### *For Wives of the Bridegroom's Former Editors who Never Got the Story*

Unplug the set, cancel the newspapers, maybe plan some good quiet day in the country away from it all among the birds and the flowers. Tell the children to keep mousy-silent. Avoid long-distance communication with excitable Royalist cities such as New York and Paris. Cancel summer holiday plans for the Caribbean. Help him to forget.

#### *To Lady Campanologists*

I know you've been desperately worried without official guidance, but surely its all right now? I mean, let's all joyfully pull our weight.

### *For a Morning in May*

**H**ASTEN, you gay flowers, hasten into beauty!  
Not to be out at this moment of the season  
Seems like a grave dereliction of your duty  
Almost like treason.

Birds on the tree-tops resolutely singing  
Finding the best seats ready as you need them,  
Loudly and long though the church bells are ringing,  
You should precede them.

You too, the warm sun, wake and be not idle  
Mount on your gilt car, benefaction spreading,  
Superintendent of the morning of the bridal,  
Margaret's wedding.

Make it a day when no storm-winds blow blindly,  
Fit for romance, and a people's devotion;  
Blue be the sky path: halcyons kindly  
Nest on the ocean.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Fine day, or wet day, what matter to lovers?  
Firm is their bond, and the faith is not fleeting,  
So Mr. Punch, with respect from these covers,  
Sends out a greeting.

— EVOE



# And One for the Horse

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

*A personal memory of a famous Cup Final*

FOR the first time in 1923 the Cup Final was played at Wembley. It was between Bolton Wanderers and West Ham United, and Bolton won 2-0.

They had put it about that at the new Stadium, unlike the old Crystal Palace, there was almost unlimited accommodation. Those without tickets had no need to fear that they would not be able to get in. I cannot remember at this distance of time how far the Football Association itself made these exaggerated claims, or whether it was merely that they did not correct the exaggerations of journalists, but at any rate the impression was created that for spectators the sky was the limit. The result was that many thousands from all parts of England decided on Friday night that on the following afternoon they would go to Wembley. I, then an Oxford undergraduate, was among those thousands. At about midnight on Friday Hilary Belloc, the son of Hilaire Belloc, Peter Ryan, now a distinguished servant of the National Trust, and I, having had no such previous project in mind, decided over our cups that we would go and see the match. Hilary had, or had acquired, a motor-bicycle with a sidecar. He drove. His passengers took it turn and turn about to sit in the sidecar and on the luggage-carrier. We set off at break of day. We stopped on the way at Top Meadow, Beaconsfield, where we called on G. K. Chesterton, whom we found walking in his garden. He told us that he had been offered a two-guinea seat for the Cup Final on condition that he wrote about it for some paper, but had declined. It turned out that it was as well that he had done so, for Wembley on that day was not made to accommodate G. K. Chesterton.

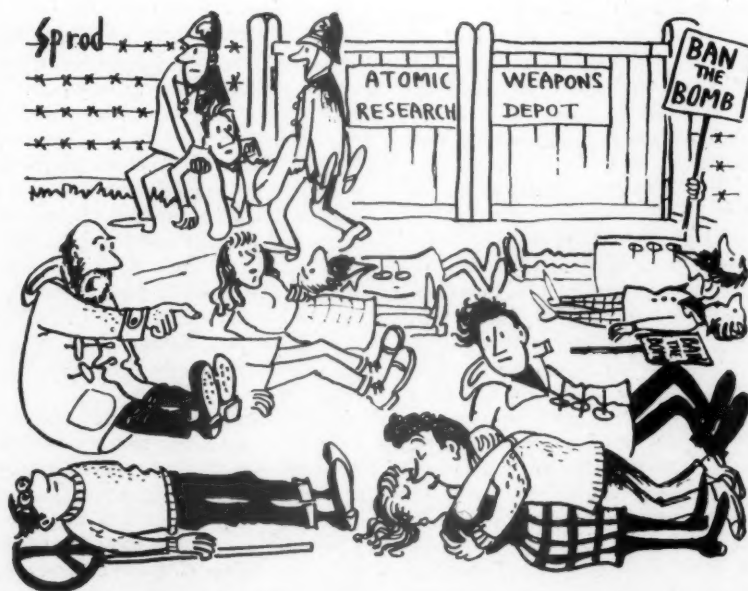
We arrived at Wembley in absurdly good time—a little after one. This was not at all that we foresaw any difficulty about getting in but because we had foreseen every difficulty about Hilary's motor-bicycle and had made our plans on the confident assumption that it would break down. The assumption, though confident, oddly enough proved

to be unjustified, and thus we arrived what we fondly imagined to be too soon. All seemed orderly. The gates were still open. We paid our half-crowns, and were ushered into a box in front of the reserved stand. There was only standing room in that box, but standing-room was all to which our means or our ambition aspired, and we had no complaint.

The box, which was tolerably empty on our arrival, continued steadily to fill up, and it was, I think, about half an hour later that they closed the gates. They closed the gates, leaving outside of course a large crowd, which had come up from all parts of England, and particularly from Lancashire, on the understanding that there would be no difficulty about getting in. Their grievance was obvious enough. There were at first protests and shouts and mutterings, but there was no action. Then some adventurers noticed that there was only a corrugated-iron palisade between them and the ground. They started to climb up it. Police or

officials pulled them down, but while the first climbers were being pulled down, others were over. Soon the palisade collapsed and the crowd, too numerous for anyone to stop them, had then a clear walk in. They rushed it, cheering loudly at the defeat of law and order. We inside of course at the time knew nothing of all this. We only began to suspect that something had happened when we found our box, as indeed all the other cheaper parts of the ground, getting first uncomfortably, and in the end intolerably, crowded. I was pushed back against a wooden strut with a Lancashire elbow in my midriff.

The class-conscious English, I discovered, when they revolt, revolt by stages. If you are going to take something that does not belong to you, you take, to begin with, the cheapest thing. So the invaders, to begin with, swarmed only into the cheap and unreserved parts of the ground. The reserved stands remained immaculate. It was only when our standing box had become quite intolerable that some one had the



"Hey! Cut that out, you two!"



notion of leaping over the barrier and installing himself in one of the reserved seats. Naturally it was the first leap that counted and his example soon had a host of imitators. Within a minute every reserved seat was seized.

For half an hour or three-quarters there was no challenge. Then the owners of these reserved seats, having comfortably lunched in London, began to appear. There was one just behind me. He came up smoking a rich cigar and mincingly carrying the slip of his ticket in his right hand.

"Excuse me, sir," he began very politely to the occupier of his seat, who seemed to come from Yorkshire, "but I think that this is my seat."

The Yorkshireman stared fixedly in front of him and made no observation.

"Excuse me, sir," the rich man repeated, showing him the slip, "but this is my seat."

"It's booms, not boomf, that's taakin' seats to-day," replied the Yorkshireman.

"Really, sir—" began the ticket holder.

"Kick 'im in 'is penalty area," advised the Yorkshireman's pal.

I had never until then understood how much law and order is a matter of bluff. It had never occurred to me that if a man had a ticket, another man would not yield to him. I had always assumed that if a policeman told you to do something you did it, and that if you resisted you got arrested. I had never learnt the simple lesson that this may be true so long as there are only one or two offenders, but that if everybody defies them, and if the police are not willing to use brute force, there is little that they can do about it. Had

I been present at the Storming of the Bastille or the October Revolution in Petrograd I might have known better, but I did not happen to be there on either of those occasions. This was my first experience. I assumed that "something would be done about it," but nothing was and indeed the discovery was disturbing to more sophisticated observers than I. The next day the newspapers contained long articles, wondering what all this portended. The erudite talked about the riots between the "blues" and the "greens" at the races at Constantinople, which led to the destruction of that city. The more popular spoke of the spirit of "Bolshevism" which was abroad in the land.

The crowd had burst the barriers in the other direction also. People were obviously packed far beyond all safety regulations and I suppose that it was pretty dangerous. A few who fainted had to be handed down over the heads of their fellow-spectators to the ambulance men. So, while some were climbing over into the stands, others surged forward, broke down the palisade and swarmed all over the pitch. The band, caught in the middle of playing "Nearer, my God, to Thee" had hastily to run for it. "They'll be lucky if they make Him," commented a ribald spectator.

The invasion of the pitch of course created a new problem. It was no longer merely a question of defying the police and the rich ticket-holders, on which all the invaders were agreed. There was now the serious question whether the match would be played, and those who were not on the pitch were furiously determined that those on it should be moved off. The forces of invasion were divided. Time marched on, and it became ominously doubtful whether the pitch would be cleared in time.

"What's the bloody time?" asked one spectator in tones of deepening pessimism.

"Bloody ten past bloody three," miserably answered his companion. The game should have started already and there were no signs that a start would be possible.

It was at that moment that the policeman on the white horse appeared on the far side of the ground, and started to push the crowd back from



off the pitch. Those off the pitch cheered him. There was a chance of a match after all. Even those on the pitch were willing to be shepherded, so long as they were shepherded with reasonable geniality, for they, too, wanted to see the match. It was rapidly apparent how much one man, who knew what he wanted, could achieve, so long as the crowd was at least acquiescent to his plan. In about ten minutes he got all the crowd back to the touch-line. It is true that there was no way of pushing them back beyond the touch-line, and the game had to be played with the spectators far too near the game for proper football, as indeed was to be proved when twenty minutes later one of them tripped up the West Ham right half. Still it was soon fairly clear that there was going to be a game, and, as soon as that was clear, how we all cheered the policeman on the white horse. After all, we had not come for nothing. "And one for the horse," we shouted, and it was given with a very good will.

The policeman rode in triumph across the field, bowing to us. Behind him and on the far side of the field was a little knot of men—among them one with bowler hat and a beard.

"Who's that guy with a beaver?" asked an American. "I seem to have seen his face somewhere before."

"One of the officials, I guess," replied his companion.

I, and I fancy many other spectators, were as surprised as doubtless were the American visitors to read in the next day's papers of the overwhelming loyal ovation which the Wembley crowd had given to His Majesty King George V.

# The Apparel Oft Proclaims the Man

By E. S. TURNER

*Moss Bros. are a hundred years old this month*

ANY up-to-date folk-lorist will tell you the tale of what happened when Mr. Harry Moss, of Covent Garden, put on his top hat and went to the Eton and Harrow match. As he looked round in parental pride a waggish friend called "Hallo, there, Moss! Taking stock?"

This jest could just as easily have been worked off (and possibly has been) at Ascot or on the lawns of Buckingham Palace; or, indeed, on any fashionable ski slopes in the Tyrol; or, for that matter, in Red Square, Moscow. When Mr. Macmillan went to Russia a notable proportion of his entourage, not omitting the newspaper correspondents, were wearing fur-lined overcoats and fur caps from "the well-known clothiers of Covent Garden," or, as the French have it, "*le Mossbross*."

The firm which can offer such versatile service to the fashionable, the sporting and the diplomatic is celebrating its centenary this month. Its founder was Moses Moses, a scholar whose enthusiasms overflowed into the second-hand clothes business and who opened a succession of shops in Somers-town, Shepherd Market and elsewhere.

The notion of hiring out clothes, which is far from being the sole function of the firm, was born in 1897, thanks to the importunities of a restless stockbroker. This gentleman esteemed himself as an entertainer but was unable to obtain engagements in private houses through lack of a dress suit. In a Victorian stockbroker this deficiency may seem odd, but he is said to have been, and clearly was, an eccentric. He went to Alfred Moss, son of the founder, who lent him a suit of tails. News of this generosity spread rapidly among the hard-pressed amateur entertainers who in those dark days took the place of television, and Alfred soon decided to put the whole thing on a business footing: in future the suits would cost their borrowers 7s. 6d. an evening. Which was none too much, if the wearers proposed to stuff the pockets with white rabbits and bowls of goldfish.

After the first world war there was a

marked rise in the number of persons who had the inclination to appear in morning or evening dress but lacked the inclination to buy it. In 1924—a date notable not only in the firm's history but in social annals—even the Cabinet found itself in sartorial difficulties. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's new Ministers faced a two-fold problem over levee dress: firstly, whether to wear it at all, and secondly, if they were cozened into wearing it, how to raise £73 2s. 6d. to pay for it. Aware of their difficulty, Lord Stamfordham, the

King's Private Secretary, wrote a letter (quoted by Sir Harold Nicolson in *George the Fifth*) to the Government Chief Whip, pointing out that the firm of Moss Bros., "which is, I believe, a well-known and dependable firm," had in stock a few suits of Household, Second-class, levee dress from £30, complete with cock-hat and sword. Several of the Ministers later appeared at St. James's in modified levee dress, but their memoirs do not say on what terms these uniforms were acquired.

Any lingering stigma attaching to the



"Ah well, that's it. See you next August."



hire of garments is said to have been dissolved on the occasion of a Buckingham Palace garden party which was rained out. "Half an hour later, literally hundreds of damp men arrived at King Street in a body and, while their wives sat on counters and bemoaned their luck, somehow struggled back into their lounge suits, in an uninhibited scene of confusion."

This incident made it obvious that almost everyone else was hiring his clothes and there was, therefore, no reason to be ashamed. It is fair to say that a similar sudden invasion would nowadays be handled without any confusion.

The range of clothing and accessories which may now be hired is almost infinite. If, let us say, an Armenian lawyer visiting Britain finds himself invited (and what likelier?) to spend a day with the Quorn, the firm will send him off to Leicestershire impeccably accoutred; what happens after that is up to him. If a sporting officer wishes to hire a racing saddle for the day he can find one in a department bursting with horse furniture and sage advice. The young man seeking a good lounge suit in order to apply for a job; the cruise

passenger in temporary need of a tropical dinner jacket; the mother anxious to dress up her reluctant son as a page; the business man who wants six pairs of expensive binoculars for his guests at the races; the ambassador embarrassed by lack of gold lace; the student invited to make up a ski-ing party; the sheriff in search of ceremonial attire—all these can be assisted in their various dilemmas.

The military-cum-ceremonial department claims to be able to equip from stock any dignitary from Governor-General to Her Majesty's Swan Keeper. A general inquired, without much hope, whether he could be provided with a Boer War tunic for a dinner. He was given a well-fitting one which, he discovered, he had sold to the firm thirty years earlier.

With a stock like that the firm must be prepared to wait many years for its reward. Consider, for instance, those fur-lined overcoats with the beaver-lamb collars. These splendid garments cost twenty-one guineas to hire for a fortnight, but a coat would have to make about six trips to Moscow before it covered its initial cost.

The women's hire service sprang out

of war-time clothes rationing. It appeals, notably, to wives of executives whose store of evening dresses is too limited for the succession of social events which is called a conference; it also appeals, for obvious reasons, to mayoresses. The firm guarantees that there will be no duplication of dresses at a given function, whether it is a ball or a first night. Mink stoles may be hired, but not mink coats. Tiaras are available, though not in diamonds. The bridal-gown service booms in the spring as the beat-the-tax weddings build up to their climax. One of the problems here is shoeing the bridegrooms away. Because constant cleaning wears out women's clothes more quickly than men's, and because of the irresponsibilities of fashion, the hire fees for women are necessarily a little higher than for their partners. The sex revenges itself by taking more time to be fitted.

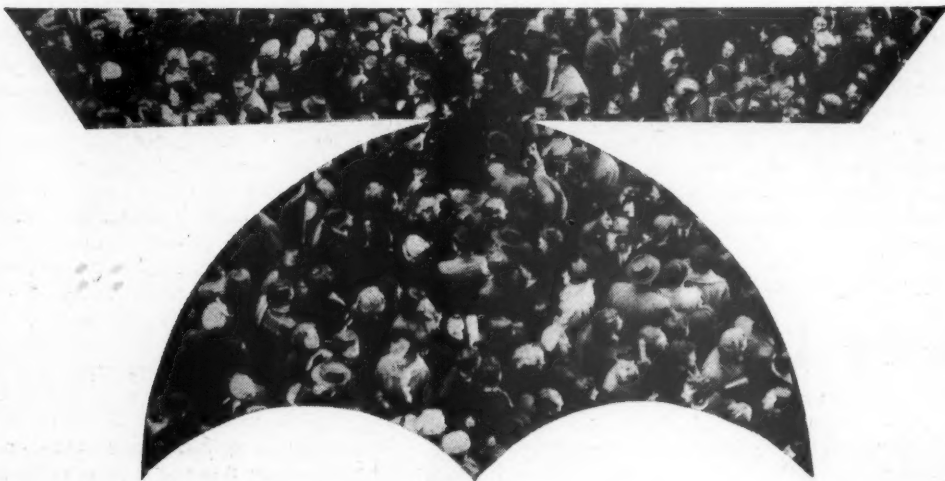
In the unlikely event of the Queen holding three investitures during Ascot Week, the firm might find its resources a trifle strained. Its biggest challenge in recent times was of course the Coronation. Peers' robes ran out, as peers' robes will, but all other commitments were fulfilled. On the eve a field-marshal of the utmost distinction called in for assistance with the suspension of his sword, feeling perhaps that he could get a more authoritative ruling in King Street than in Whitehall.

It does not appear that events like guest nights and Hunt balls result in any noticeable dilapidation of clothing, but one hirer of an evening suit during "Eights" week apologized for its condition, explaining that he had found himself in the river through circumstances beyond his control. Bridegrooms and best men tend to leave sentimental items in their pockets; these are tactfully returned. A good deal of money is also sent back, along with an occasional glass eye. A vase was found in one returned topper and half a pound of butter in another.

It is not yet a sign of eccentricity to wear one's own morning or evening clothes, but that day may come. There is no shortage of Mosses to cope with any expansion. When he takes stock of his family, Mr. Harry Moss is a happy man (though he is a happy man at any time). The scions may not qualify for the description "Bros." but what pedant would wish to alter that?



# INTRODUCING EDUCATION CITY



## A Message from the Director-General

Education City, Britain's pioneer Polycomprehensive Teaching Collective, welcomes you and invites you to see for yourself how she integrates in a single centre every type of Education, from Nursery to Geriatric, from Infant to Post-graduate, from Vocational to Reformatory, from Cultural to Technical.

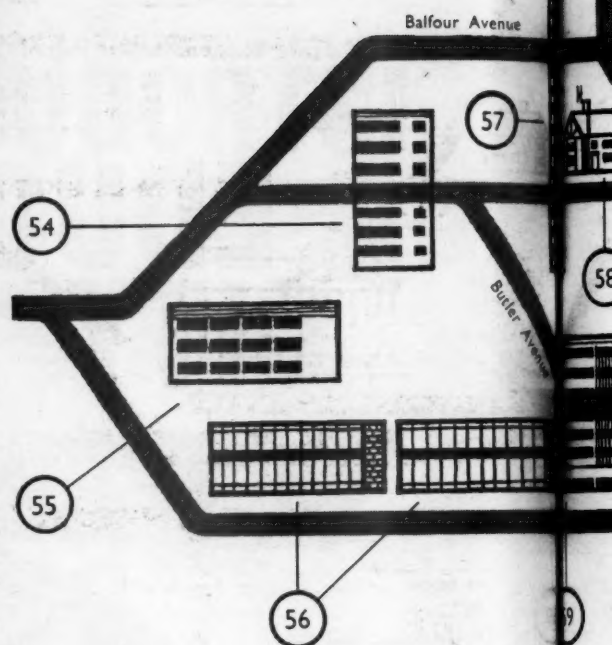
I am confident that the Future lies with the All-embracing, not with the Life-excluding, and that in Education City we see the Future given Form and Essence and ready to give Service in its turn.

*Lorelyn Hooper*

K.B.E.

## How to Find Your Way About

Education City is planned round a pattern of landmarks, which consist of multi-storey buildings curtain-walled in different colours for easy recognition. (In misty weather each "tower" emits a different musical code.) One such building is shown in the detail of the overall map on the right (57); this is a mixed-purpose Administrative Tower, housing the Senate Offices, Arbitration Tribunals Secretariat, Pensions Appeals, Conciliation Committee and Forward Planning Division. Other buildings shown are the Hotel for Visiting Delegations (54), the Pupil Indexing Unit (55), the twin Examination Buildings (56—the setters are confined to the left-hand building until the papers have been corrected in the right-hand). Next is the School of Consumer Research (59) and its Practical Laboratory (58), the Headquarters of the Caretaker's Union (60), the School of Comparative Religion (61), the Spacemen's Training College with its free-fall tower (62), the Chalk Reconditioning Plant (63), the tunnel-proof Senior Approved School (64), part of the Main Buildings for the special 7-year Degree Course for Late Developers (65) and the Second Childhood Crèche (66). This pattern, with minor variations, is repeated across the City, and at the foot of each "tower" the overall map is displayed.



## Sally Lunn's Progress

Reading the thrilling story of Education City, do you wonder how it would feel to be an actual "human" being passing from stage to stage of its intricate machinery?

Let's dive into casebooks and bring you the story of Sally Lunn, from the time she's a chubby three-year-old stepping on to the New Intake Mixed Infants' grading turntable and off it as OZ1756/F, "baby" of the Low Co-Ordination Free Activity Stream!

Sally is proud of her tattoo mark and her metatyl-acetate fibre pinny and tries hard to throw and catch that funny old bean-bag. But during Recorder classes (yes, on to the Three Rs already!) the Electronic Ear reveals a phenomenally unwavering blowing-line and so it's over to the Wood Wind Talent Observation Group, in the acoustical block, with daily rations upstepped by 80 calories—the optimum increase for a child of 3 st. 12 lb.—and a chance to make the City Orchestra with its splendid Benefit Scheme and Seaside Convalescent Home!

But the beauty of Education City's delicately graded classifying system is its elasticity. After only two years of playing that recorder and doing supplementary Clay it's clear that Sally's just a blow-footballer at heart—and off she goes to the Specialized Sport Section, to train as a

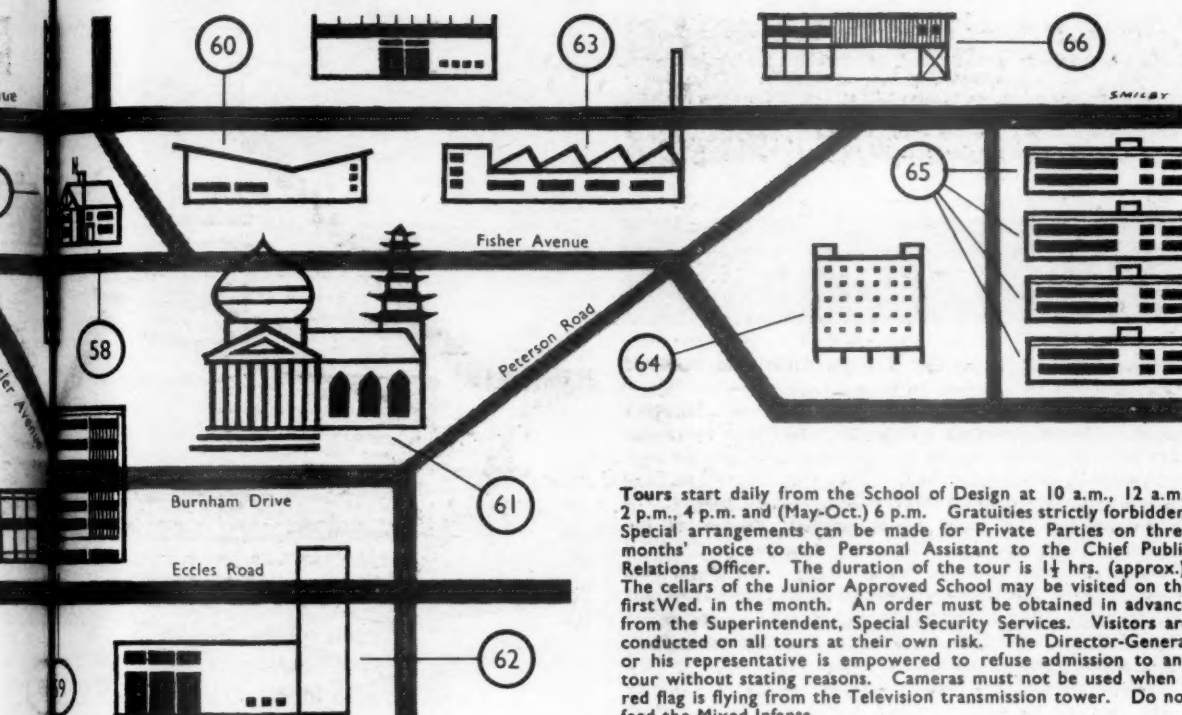
reserve junior half-back for the Under Elevens and to throw herself heartily into the accompanying, individually-adjusted curriculum: glove-stitching, simple pigeon-keeping and, of course, learning to read.

Now Sally really finds her feet! Caught feeding the pigeons ink to dye them blue she's hurried to the Detention Centre, spends a happy six months tunnelling and sewing. Off satchels, makes friends with a senior detainee who lends her *De Bello Gallico* and comes out afire for classical knowledge. But that, as our vocational psychologists are able to convince Sally, is these days only a submerged desire for something practical—and after exhaustive tests she opts for carpentry, with hat-steaming a second string.

But meanwhile our computers have been busy about punching and it is proved that what Sally really wants is to be a hedger-and-ditcher! Mechanically aided, of course. And now there follow thirteen quietly busy years mastering roadside botany and the two-stroke engine, until Sally is ready for the University course and her degree.

Sally gets her hedging-and-ditching degree, oh yes. she has collected quite a few diplomas—for folk-singing, rug-making, reading aloud and integration. What's more, she's fallen in love! He's an agricultural trench-digging





Tours start daily from the School of Design at 10 a.m., 12 a.m., 2 p.m., 4 p.m. and (May-Oct.) 6 p.m. Gratuities strictly forbidden. Special arrangements can be made for Private Parties on three months' notice to the Personal Assistant to the Chief Public Relations Officer. The duration of the tour is 1½ hrs. (approx.). The cellars of the Junior Approved School may be visited on the first Wed. in the month. An order must be obtained in advance from the Superintendent, Special Security Services. Visitors are conducted on all tours at their own risk. The Director-General or his representative is empowered to refuse admission to any tour without stating reasons. Cameras must not be used when a red flag is flying from the Television transmission tower. Do not feed the Mixed Infants.

## Quickies

The bicycle sheds can deal with an intake of 9,000 per half-hour.

It would take the average walker one year, twenty-three days, five hours and ten minutes to perambulate all the corridors.

The central bookstack is the fourth highest building in Britain.

The kitchens consume a freight-car of tapioca a day.

The wholtime orthoptists run their own Dramatic Society. Education City maintains its own internal Inspectorate, who are housed in a four-storey building standing in its own grounds.

Among the Sports Equipment staff is a wholtime bail maintenance operative.

All canes used are grown in the tropical greenhouses under the direction of the Department of Botany and specially tested in the Development Laboratory.

There are ten automatic telephone exchanges, and a manual exchange for the use of Senior Headmasters and upwards.

to himself but our Compatibility Bureau makes him out to be a real mate and Sally embarks eagerly on post-graduate courses in Child Care, Family Cookery, Basic Needlework, Laundry and Razor-Blade Disposal.

By the time Sally's finished her sweetheart has got fed up married a Windmill girl, but that, as our Adult Adjust-ment Officers are able to tell Sally, is life, and the thing to do is find new interests such as are provided by Education City's vocational centres. Sally plunges even more eagerly into Campanology, Hagiology, Turnery, Spinning, Wild for some of the Woodlands and Industrial Diamond Sorting. Allow three years a course and you'll see that Sally's out forty-seven by now. But she doesn't care any more about getting out. She doesn't even bother to apply a night in advance for her Saturday night pass up till midnight. . . . All she cares about is making her mark in Education City. She's the tympanist in the Over Sixty Military Orchestra (who says those early years were wasted?) and a useful worker in the canteen when the staff goes off. She's one of the only two folk-dancers with bells on their legs. . . . Yes, that's Sally Lunn—a real credit to our diversity of interests and care for the individual!

The Sports Stadium, when finished, will symbolize the inherent interdependence of the innumerable departments of Education City. In the architect's sketch (right) are shown, below, one of the eight fly-overs needed for the running tracks and, above, the safety device over, one of the toddlers' sand-pits which ensures that no pole-vaulters land in the pit while there are toddlers actually playing in it.

## The Next Five Years

By The Chairman of the Programming Executive

There are so many plans afoot for further development that it is difficult to make a balanced selection. Does one mention first something on the grand scale, like the new Froebel block which will take 8,000, or the hopes of settling the long-standing dispute over whether the Co-operative Movement has the right of nominating candidates for Honorary Degrees? The complete rebuilding of the Staff Clubs sector should help in the breaking down of barriers between grade and grade. Sheer physical remoteness has hitherto raised difficulties to the intercourse of Professors and Gasworks Instructors, to take one case that has become rather notorious.

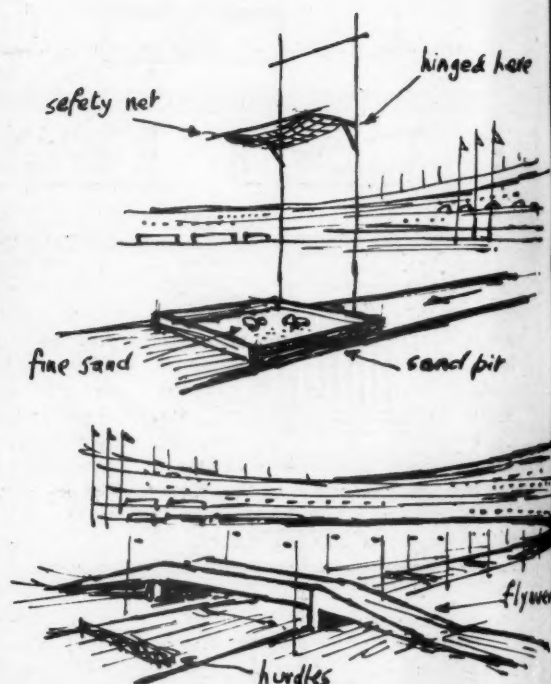
One scheme that should add much to operational efficiency is the installation of hoists and magic eye anti-pilfering devices in the Geographical Apparatus Store and there will be a warm welcome for the newly developed mechanical marking devices, which should greatly reduce the burden on teachers of Languages and Mathematics.

However, the most fundamental development is likely to be not any of these but the proposed extension of our boundaries by compulsory purchase. This will have the undesigned effect, by the way, of incorporating a small number of private schools, one of them following the tenets of the Swami Gupta, another those of the American Primitive Educationist Grandma Macmahon. Running it close in interest is the proposal for establishing a fifth Inn of Court to relate Legal studies more closely to a professional career. It is hoped that Benchers will take a lively part in our non-academic activities.

Other schemes include the model tropical farm, the building of a cultural wing for the School of Nursing, where the introduction of flamenco classes for Ward Sisters has already been a huge success, and the painless tattooing of every child with a radiant code-number which will greatly assist the speedy identification of lost children.

It is gratifying that more and more postgraduate students are finding their research material right here in Education City and it is hoped that there will be increasingly close co-operation with teaching staff in planning experimental procedures. One example of successful team-work that comes to mind is the Pilot Survey of Teacher-Preferences carried out among the eight-year-olds by a joint seminar-group under the Professors of Applied Education and Normal Psychology, with the assistance of the Sampling Computer staff.

Until the day when the new rail terminus is built (cont. on p.7)



## Timetable

A system has been devised (with the help of experts from British Railways) whereby the position of every student can be checked at any moment. A typical Thursday morning's activity for ten children is shown below.

Table 248. NORMAL, MODERATE-INTELLIGENCE  
41-YEAR-OLDS

	023968 F Diane Scott	023969 M Cliff Hobart	023970 M Ron Turle	023971 M Edward Young	023974 F Jennifer Tye	023979 M Allan Ripp	023980 F Mary Nikola	023981 F Rose Nikola	023982 F Fatima Smith	023983 F Bibi Gohelshy
Brickwork	am 915	am 915	am 915	am 915	am 915	am 915d	am 915	am 915	am 915	am 915
Letter Recognition	A	930	930	930	930	930				
Tympani							930	930		
Finger Painting	1000	A	1000	1000	1000	A	1000	1000	1000	
Wash	1025		1025	1025	1025		1025	1025	1025	
Milk Rr	1030	1030	1030	1030	1030	1030	1030	1030	1030	
Pony Management	1045		A	1045	1045	A	A	A	1045	
Demolition		1045		1045	1045					1045
Free Song	1115	1115p	1115	1115	1115	1115	1115	1115d	1115	
Counting	1125	1125	1125	1125	1125	1125	1125	1125	1125	
Modelling	1130		1130		1130		1130	1130	1130	
Modelling C		1130		1130		1130				

A Report to Filing for monthly re-identification check.

C In clay or plasticine.

d If not present by 0925 inform 008783 F Mrs. Anne Ripp in Advanced Tropical Fish Care.

F Female.

G As C if photographers not available.

M Male.

p To wear ear-plugs on medical advice.

Rr Not Mahomedans during Ramadan.

Re Reclassified as "difficult." See Table 497.

# Angry Silence, Stop, As you Were

A prominent Industrial Relations Consultant (in collaboration with BERNARD HOLLOWOOD) writes on a topic of burning interest to the unions

LOOKING through our records I find that during the past year, 1959, there have been no fewer than thirty-seven cases of workers at this plant being sent to Coventry. But I hasten to add that the average duration of victimization was only just over forty hours, while in not one single case was a worker banished for more than four consecutive days.

Why? Well, the Snacker & Diplocket Small Things Co. (1928) Ltd. does not employ me for nothing, and one of my duties is to place pre-tested psycho-industrial frictional techniques at the disposal of workers who incur the ultimate wrath of the unions. A Snacker man who has been sent to Coventry has only to put his cards on the table—metaphorically, of course—and the resources of the entire Scientific Management and Welfare Department are available to him. It is in the belief that our record in "Coventry beating" (or what the industrial psychologist knows as "Unopposed Withdrawal from Involuntary Floor-level Unsociability") may be of interest and value to others that we open our files and exhibit the case-histories of "Red" Spendilow, Neil McCannon and Fred T. Stouton.

"I am a utility-gaffler in K Shop," reported Spendilow last August, "and my crime, if you can call it crime, was to gaffle fourteen valve-heads instead of the scheduled twelve in one shift. My explanation, that I was eager to visit the Cottage Hospital where my Gran was down with mild myxædema, proved unacceptable to the shop steward and I was placed in the sin bin *pro tempore*. The Welfare Officer comforted me with a chapter or two of Scheinkraut's *Wissenschaft und Arbeitspolitik*, and advised a large win on the penny pools. The next day, therefore, I feigned a state bordering on ecstasy and let it be known that I had seven draws up, twenty-one points in the bag and expectations of a £75,000 nest-egg. Most of the die-hards chose to ignore my feverish demonstration, but a number of weaker brothers gathered at

my lathe with pieces of chalk to remind me that it was a case of all share and share alike in Shop K. One man, a second sweeper and oilman, was fined £2 for making pantomimic handsigns expressive of the acquisitive instinct.

"Scheinkraut advises victimized parties to indulge in a continuous piercing whistle, so I gave vent to 'They Say That We're Too Young...', keeping it up for a whole shift, and the die-hards stepped up the speed of their machines to drown the din. For a time the shop rocked with superfluous decibels, but when it became apparent to the shop steward that the entire branch was in danger of exceeding its production quota the counter-move was called off.

"The next morning I started up on 'Petite Fleur' and by noon I was out of Coventry."

In November Fred Stouton reported: "I was sent to Coventry for using 'black' string. What with all the silica coolant used in our bay, your legs get filthy unless you tie your trousers just below the knee, and our mob had an agreement with the Dundee Twine and Rope Guild to boycott their stuff in favour of imported. (The Dundee lot had a five per bonus claim in and were putting gentle pressure on the bosses.) Anyway, I was sent, though the whole thing seemed plain damn silly to me.

"The Welfare man advised the 'Austrian' method of retaliation, by which you get blokes to talk to you through their conditioned reflexes, such as when you smoke directly beneath a HIGHLY INFLAMMABLE notice, or park your bike in somebody else's rack. Actually there are better dodges than the one I used. I mean, shove a match-stick up the rectifier of a four-seven Argosy drill and you automatically stop every machine on the belt. Or, get to the canteen early enough and you can mix up the sugars and salts and watch results. Or (and this is dangerous) you can clock off for a few brothers you don't like much an hour or so before knocking-off time. There's loads of

dodges in the 'Austrian.' What I did was this. Most of the brothers have pin-ups cut from *Giggle* or the *Sketch* stuck up by their benches, and they don't like people fooling around with their nap selections. They like it even less if they find pictures of their own girls or wives decorating other people's benches, and this is exactly what the Welfare chap and the printing shop—with a bit of info from me—managed to make the set-up look like the morning after I'd been sent. All the pictures were from the official photos of last year's works outing to Skegness, and most of them showed the influence of the third or fourth crate of beer. Well, it wasn't long before the brothers tumbled and then there was so much leg-pulling and embarrassment that they forgot what started it."

Also in November Neil McCannon, band-operator, reported: "I was in Coventry twice last month. Once for mending a puncture in Mr. Tom's Jag., once for suggesting that a ballot for delegates to the Cup Final had been rigged. I got out both times—with the Welfare's help—by pretending I'd put a few bobs for Stewie on hot tips I was supposed to have had for Kempton and Doncaster, and handing him the proceeds. Actually the deals were financed by the management (out of their tax-free maintenance allowance of course) and nobody was any the wiser.

"Stewie was so grateful he not only got me out of Coventry but personally elected me an *ex officio* delegate to the Final."

If there is another works in this country that can equal our record in combating industrial unrest I should be pleased to hear of it. We have had no serious strike for eighteen months; five of our two-thousand-odd employees have been with us for at least two years (each); and nobody in Coventry for more than four consecutive days.

And, what's more, the works film society has just voted *I'm All Right, Jack* and *The Angry Silence* the two most enjoyable British pictures since the Conservatives took over.





# Have B.A.— Will Travel

Further jottings from  
the Diaries of A. J. WENTWORTH  
as recorded by H. F. Ellis

## 12. End of Term

"WELL, well, I suppose there can be no harm in it now."

The boys had been pressing me to tell them something of the old days at the School—the 1930s seem like the beginning of the world to them, of course—and as it was the last lesson of term, when one traditionally relaxes a little, I had half a mind to indulge them. Mason was particularly anxious to know why the Headmaster used to be nicknamed "the Squid"—a fact that he learned from his father, I don't doubt—but I was certainly not prepared to go into that. I was never very clear about it myself, to tell the truth, unless it had something to do with the octopus's habit of concealing itself behind a cloud of ink. Certainly, Mr. Saunders used to put up an unconscionable number of notices on the board in his earlier days, mainly about bootlaces and the wearing of caps on school walks and similar trivia. But then again, I don't know. These things just happen, as often as not.

"I was only wondering," Mason said, when he saw my frown. "Of course, if it was anything you wouldn't like to—"

"That is not the point, Mason," I said. "One does not discuss the Headmaster in the classroom, as you very well know."

"Like sex and religion," somebody whispered: an impertinence that I should have come down on like a ton of bricks had it been a normal working period. I am not easily shocked, but some of these youngsters nowadays seem to me altogether too old for their years.

"The School was a very different place when I first came here as a young man," I went on smoothly, hitching up my gown, "and by no means so bright and comfortable as it is now." And I told them, after cautioning two boys for whistling, how there was no linoleum in the upstairs passages and only six basins in the washroom for nearly seventy boys.

"There are only ten now," Wrigley said.

"And a hundred and eight of us," Blake added. "If you count Hopgood, that is."

"You shut up, Admiral," Hopgood said, momentarily forgetting my rule that all remarks must be addressed to me.

"I wash a jolly sight more often than you do."

"Where the carpentry shed now stands," I continued,

quelling these interruptions with a look, "there was in the old days nothing but—What is the matter now, Mason?"

The boy was bowed over his desk in a half-crouching position and appeared to be engaged in some kind of a struggle.

"My tie's caught. In the hinge, sir."

"Open your desk then and free it, boy," I ordered. "Though how in the world—"

"I can't, sir. The lid catches me under the chin."

"Excuse me, sir, but your gown's hitched up."

"I am aware of that, thank you, Potter," I said coldly.

"Now, Mason, I give you exactly ten seconds to get that tie free and sit down properly, or there'll be serious trouble. Ten seconds, mind!"

"Can I do the count-down, sir?"

I took up a piece of chalk and flipped it into the air. "We can easily spend the rest of the period on parallel lines, if you prefer it," I warned them, taking a significant pace towards the blackboard.

"Oh, but, sir! Then we shall never meet," some fool called out, and I should, certainly have returned to normal teaching then and there if the rest of the Set had not promptly told the offender to be quiet and begged me to continue with my reminiscences.

"Please go on, sir. Sir, tell us about the old days."

"Sir, there was a scimitar in the Museum . . ."

"Tell us about when you threw the hot-water jugs at Matron."

"Sir, is it true you shot the Bishop of Tewkesbury single-handed?"

"Oh, stow it, Coutts. I want to hear about the boot-basket."

"Sir! Sir! My father said you were looking for your umbrella on a fine night . . ."

"That will do," I said sharply. "Quiet everyone, please. Wrigley, do I strike you as the kind of man who would throw water-jugs at anyone, Matron or anyone else?"

That silenced them, as I knew it would, and I took advantage of the pause to unhitch my gown and say a few straight words to the Set. "Every school," I told them quietly, "has a lot of silly, exaggerated legends about the past, and it

appears, I am sorry to say, that Burgrove is no exception. I make allowances for a certain amount of over-excitement on the last morning of work, but I have no intention of permitting my classroom to be turned into a bear-garden. If you cannot sit quietly and sensibly—Do you want to leave the room, Notting?”

“No, thank you, sir.”

“Then why is your hand up?”

“I wanted to know if I could ask a question, sir.”

“Very well,” I said patiently.

“Thank you, sir.”

The boy said no more. Indeed he casually picked up a pencil and began to doodle. So after staring at him for a minute or two in dead silence I rapped smartly on my desk. “Get on with it, Notting,” I told him. “We haven’t got all day, you know.”

“Who? Me, sir?” the boy exclaimed, looking up with an innocent air which did not deceive me for an instant. “I’m sorry, sir. I haven’t got a question ready yet, actually. I only wanted to know if I could ask one in case I happened to think of one later, sir.”

“He wants to sort of bank one, I think, sir,” Mason was kind enough to put in, in his interfering way.

I thought I knew every dodge for wasting time that boys can get up to, but this was a new one even to me. However, I was more than equal to the occasion. If he wanted to cross swords with me he would soon find that two could play at that game.

“I see,” I said, without raising my voice. “Very well,

Notting. I am delighted to know that you believe in making provision for the future. Perhaps, that being so, you will have the goodness to write out ‘I must not try to be funny in class’ fifty times—just in case I happen to want to set you an imposition later, you know.”

The other boys roared with laughter, and I must say it was all I could do to keep a straight face myself at Notting’s comical expression of discomfiture. Somebody called out “Sucks to you, Notty!”, and though the expression is one I generally jump on I let it go this time. It seemed to me to sum up the situation rather neatly.

Needless to say there was no further trouble, and all the boys listened attentively while I told them the true story of the time the whole School went to the Tidworth Tattoo—or should have gone to Tidworth, rather. The bell rang while I was explaining how my own party were somehow misdirected to Aldershot, so the dénouement will have to wait for another time. If there is another time, of course.

“Well, Notting,” I said, as I rather sadly collected my books for the last time. “What do you think now of your question-banking scheme?”

“Not much, sir,” he had the honesty to admit, and feeling that he had learnt his lesson I let him off the fifty lines. After all, end of term doesn’t come every day.

\* \* \*  
Burgrove! Burgrove! Through the ages  
Boy and master sing your praise!  
Turn, yea, turn the crowded pages,  
Ne’er forget those happy days!



“Not much of a hand at speechifying . . . proud to bring cup back to home town . . . Deeply grateful Lord Mayor civic welcome . . . lads were magnificent . . . team effort . . .”



"I want something to hide a wall-safe."

How true it all is, I reflected as we sang the old song together at End-of-Term Supper, though of course "through the ages" is stretching it a bit, as Gilbert says, for a school founded in 1907. Still, there is such a thing as poetic licence, is there not? I for one shall not forget "those happy days," and to-morrow, when I am alone with my own thoughts again in my little cottage at Fenport, these last few snatched weeks at Burgrove will seem like a dream, I dare say.

All the same, nothing is to be gained by indulging in nostalgic self-pity, as though one were an old man with all one's life behind one, especially as the Headmaster has just told me that it looks very much as if Thompson would be away for several months yet, so that, should I care to consider it...! I shall certainly turn the matter over in my mind and let him know in a day or two. Temporary assistance, as the Headmaster pointed out (he does not scruple, bless his heart, to use every possible means of persuasion to get me back), is devilish hard to come by these days. "I wouldn't dream of asking you, if I knew where else to turn," he said to me; and though the sentiment was clumsily put I knew very well that he was thinking only of the sacrifice of well-earned leisure that my acceptance would entail.

In any case I am not likely to be dull during the holidays. As a Vice-President of the Cricket Club there will be this and that to do, no doubt. Then of course, if I decide to come back here, I really must brush up my algebra a bit, which has become surprisingly rusty with disuse. I was very near flooded the other day by a problem about the average speed of two cyclists of all things! And I should not be very surprised if Miss Stephens is after me again about her precious Dramatic

Society. Life is very far from being over! In fact it seems to be richer and fuller, in many ways, since my so-called "retirement." What with Switzerland and the Ripleys and one thing and another, not to mention Inspection Week here (though I am quite prepared to forget *those* particular "happy days," School Song or no School Song!), one has been in quite a whirl.

Talking of Miss Stephens, incidentally, I gather from Mrs. Fitch (whom I met in Brunnen, as I may have mentioned), that she (Myra Fitch, that is) hopes to come down to Fenport shortly with her old friend Mrs. Stephens (who is Miss Stephens' mother, naturally) to stay with her. To stay with Miss Stephens, I mean. Anyway, she (Mrs. Fitch) tells me in her last letter that she is very excited at the thought of seeing me once more.

It seems a strange coincidence that we should meet again. One can hardly suppose—And yet, I don't know. We shall see. There are times when I scarcely know what to think. In certain eventualities it might even be that my decision whether or not to return to Burgrove would ultimately depend on—well, on circumstances. At my age one is not a callow youth. Nor is one a doddering old man, with one foot in the grave, if it comes to that.

So there it is. Or may be, rather. Back to Burgrove for one more term, or—an engagement of an altogether less temporary kind? I don't know, I'm sure. Even supposing. But it is nice to feel that one may yet be of some use, in one way or another.

THE END



# The Return of Wendy

By J. E. HINDER

*Sir James Barrie was born on May 9, 1860*

**C**HILDREN! Once there lived in a suburb of London, England, an upper-middle-class professional family, descended partly from shrewd Stock Exchange pixies and partly from prosperous mortal rentiers. It comprised Mr. and Mrs. Darling, their two Scotch terriers and a little girl called Wendy who lived at the top of the house because the dogs disliked her.

She was fed on porridge, quick-frozen liverette and tea by her kind parents, who never ceased telling her how she must improve herself, so that when she was big enough she could marry a flexible and enthusiastic young man, potentially capable of commanding a salary of £2,500-£4,000 in the ever-expanding fields of Management Study or Advertising.

However, when Wendy reached the age of fifteen she discovered boys, extended-play pop-records and stiff petticoats with bits of wire sewn into them, and decided that marriage was for squares. So, one day when her parents were telling her how nice it would be to be married to the right man and live in an attractive freehold property in immaculate condition, she was sick all over Prince Wullie, the elder Scotch terrier. So she was sent up to her room.

There she sat, sobbing bitterly. "I wish I never had to grow up!" she cried.

"You needn't, doll!" said a voice and, looking up, she saw a handsome, simian youth grinning at her from the window-ledge. "I'm Pete Panic," he said, "and I've been a teenager ever since they were invented." "Could I be a teenager for ever?" asked Wendy, wide-eyed. "Sure, if you wish real hard," replied the youth. So Wendy wished hard. "Right, fright!" said Peter. "You're with it for keeps. Let's blow!" And in a flash they were downstairs, out of the door and away on his motor-scooter.

Away to *where*, children? Why, to Teenagia, where no one ever, ever, grows up. Where the only people over nineteen are newspaper reporters (who

are paid to write about gay, carefree teenage amusements), friendly agents of teenage-idol singers, and neighbourly retailers, who supply teenage wants before the teenagers know *what* they want!

As they passed the frontier Wendy saw a huge notice which read: "WELCOME TO TEENAGIA. SPEED LIMIT NOTHING UNDER A TON. GET WITH IT!" "Why, all the shops are the same!" she cried a minute later. "Sure," said Pete Panic, chewing furiously, "they sell pop-records, gum, snack-food and jeans. What else is there?" "Nothing,"

shouted Wendy enthusiastically. "Why it's Paradise—it's, it's more than that—it's the most, man!" "Here's your house, Wendy," said Pete, suddenly coming to a screeching halt.

There, before her eyes, was a little house of her own, made of elm, with a stable-type door, walls lined with hardboard and a chimney TV aerial.

"It's wonderful!" she cried. Inside it was even better. The walls were decorated with transfer pictures of Marty, Tommy, Rock, Cliff, Mush, Clint, Boop and Tosh—in fact, all the most wonderful people in the world!



"The children are beginning to ask questions—such as 'Where have you hidden the loot?'"

A record-player was already playing at full volume and the portable radio was broadcasting continuous popular request discs from Radio Slush, your oh-so-chummy neighbourhood station, while the TV was showing "Jumpcats," the teenagers' ownest programme.

"And can I have this all day long?" asked Wendy in amazement. "Won't anyone make me turn *anything* off?" "You *can't* turn it off," replied Pete grinning. "Not even for the B.B.C.?" exclaimed Wendy. "What's that?" asked Pete, blankly.

Well, the days went by and it was just like Fairyland in one of the big stores. Wendy would get up at 11 o'clock, snatch a hasty breakfast of Chocowriggles, the chocs with the dribbliest centres, before rushing off to a rock 'n' roll youngies' barbecue until dinner-time. Then they would sit on the floor at Pedro's Beefie Barretta and kick holes in the bar, in time to the music from the juke-box, which played all the time—free! After that they would all go to the Hegira Hop Hall and dance until midnight, returning home singing, breaking street lamps and knocking down members of rival groups. Sometimes they would put the boot in them—"for giggles" as Pete put it in his funny way. And nobody ever said "Don't!" And there were no schools, no rozzers, and no books unless you counted the special wonderful teenage-weeklies, containing long love-stories told in the newest way by means of real-life pictures, and marvelous free-gift photographs of famous teenage-singers, autographed by all of them who could write.

So the days changed to weeks and the weeks to years and Wendy never grew a day older. The only things that changed were the fashions, The Top Twenty and the pop-singers, and they were different *every* day!

Then, one day when Wendy and Pete were sitting in Pedro's, eating Monster Porkies and Gooseberry Flans and drinking Gasojuce, Wendy suddenly said "I wonder what Daddy and Mummy are doing?" Instantly Pete went pale. "Listen, Wend," he said harshly, "we don't dig that kind of talk in Teenagia!" "But why?" asked Wendy. "After all, they *are* my Daddy and Mummy!" "That settles it," cried the youth, "Tinkerbell!" And from behind the bar came a small youth with long dirty sideboards, yellow jeans and enormous suede shoes, at whom they always used to laugh because, so Pete said, he was a fairy. "Get Captain Crook," said Pete. "O.K.," replied Tinkerbell and went out and returned with a huge villainous man in a long black overcoat and homburg.

"Come on, Lolita!" said this person, leering evilly and revealing gold teeth. "No!" screamed Wendy and she ran out, dropping her gooseberry flan as she went.

And she ran and ran until she reached the frontier of Teenagia, not pausing to read the notice that faced *inwards* and said "SPEED LIMIT ONE M.P.H.—SCHOOL DRIVE SLOWLY—NO DOGS OR ADOLESCENTS—SILENCE—NUCLEAR POWER STATION—BEWARE RADIATION—THINK!—YOU ARE ENTERING THE BIG WORLD—LASCIATE OGNI SPERANZA!"

So she arrived, tired and frightened, at her home and her parents had some quick-frozen liverette warming for her and eventually she married a flexible and enthusiastic young man who *did* command a salary of £2,500-£4,000 in some ever-expanding field or other and they had *just* the right family, one boy, one girl and a corgi called Monty and they lived neither happily nor miserably ever after.

Still, that's better than nothing, children. Isn't it?



## Ladies in Football Boots by Larry



## Spring Line

WE'D never quite had it so good before,  
Swimming in milk and honey,  
With chickens delivered to every door,  
And nothing to lose but money.

But bang! we're back on the bread and scrape,  
Our waistlines need reducing,  
So it's out with the old consumer shape  
And in with the new producing.

— J. B. B.







## Sur les Tuiles de Paris

By ERIC KEOWN

*French Fortnight, now on in London, is a good opportunity for a glance at night spots on the other side of the Channel*

IN the travel agent's window was a board announcing two tours of the night spots, one at 5000 francs taking in four moderate joints, and another at 7000 that ended glitteringly at the Lido. We chose to end glitteringly.

The coach had "LES WEEKS-ENDS" blazoned boldly on its rump, and its conductor, speaking seven languages, seemed to have all the qualifications of an ambassador. Our fellow-passengers as they arrived made an interesting study. Most of them, uncertain how far the vice of the wicked city was to be plumbed, were anxious to pass the whole thing off as a piece of serious social investigation, and behaved with according solemnity. The exceptions were one or two solitary businessmen from Huddersfield and Ohio, who clearly took a simpler view of what was coming.

Other coaches converged with ours on the first port of call, alleged to be a typical *bal musette*, that turned out to

be a scruffy little dance hall up an alley, and was soon filled to its eyelids with apprehensive tourists. As soon as we were all seated, many on the floor, the locals went into action to a squeezebox orchestra. The girls wore *décolletés* pullovers and flared skirts, the men black trousers, flat velveteen caps and heavy sideboards. A rather bogus can-can was followed by a muscular apache dance in which the girls were flung about like parcels by British Railways, before knocking out the men with resounding blows from tin trays. In the winter they get 2,000 francs a night, in summer 3,500, when they have to do eight instead of six performances, so our conductor whispered. In bruises alone they must earn every penny of it.

As a grand finale and a sop to the social investigators the girls did a striptease act, with male assistance press-ganged from the audience. This led to some very red ears from Huddersfield and Ohio, and to a pleasing bewilderment

in a party of elderly American ladies on the very edge of the floor.

Back in the coach the following stimulating conversation took place between an American lady and two Indian gentlemen. Imagine the lady speaking with the accents of a school-teacher from Missouri, and the gentlemen with those of Peter Sellers and Spike Milligan:

LADY: I am a school-teacher from Missouri. Are you gentlemen professionals?

GENTS (together): We are two Indian business men.

LADY: I was in India last fall.

FIRST GENT: I am in Bombay.

SECOND GENT: I am in Agra.

LADY: I have carried away some memorable impressions of India—some good, and some bad.

GENTS (together): Our national income is increasing.

LADY: I shall never forget as long as I live the beautiful Taj Mahal. As a matter of fact, I have a dress here I bought in New Delhi.

GENTS (together): Now the English have gone we are able to exploit our resources.

Having announced that our next stop would be a typical students' club on the Left Bank, our conductor whispered confidentially that it was reserved for coach traffic until midnight. I don't think any student had ever been seen dead in it. It was small and crammed and decorated with coloured paper chains as if for Christmas, and as we entered we were hit over the head with a rubber hammer. Some unexciting dancing was followed by an average conjurer, who made away with handkerchiefs and pulled a pigeon out of a hat. Then, without any warning, he performed the most remarkable trick I have ever seen. He showed us a stiff kitchen knife, about nine inches long, and proved its sharpness by slicing paper; without further preparation he plunged it into the middle of his wrist, with such force that four inches of it came out on the other side. He held his wrist within a yard of me, under a bright light, and wiggled the blade. Blood flowed, but didn't spurt. When we had all had an eyeful he whipped out the knife, wiped his wrist and cheerfully rolled down his sleeve. Sensation. As we left the club, somewhat dazed, we were given a handout stating



"Every night from 9 P.M. to 2 A.M." After that we moved smartly up the social ladder, to a fairly plush club in Montmartre, where we were given comfortable seats and a glass of almost civilized champagne. For nearly two hours, except when couples danced dimly, there was a floor-show of excellent quality conducted with the utmost decorum. A small team of strip-tease dancers alternated with a male comic and a girl singer. What struck one immediately was that without a doubt the girls were enjoying themselves and were uncommonly fit and keen. Apart from their near-nakedness, a condition to which one grows accustomed

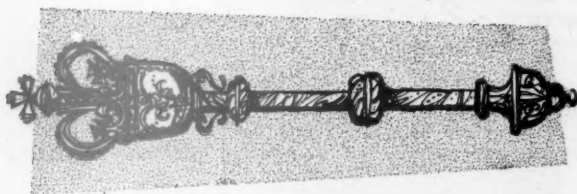
regrettably quickly, the whole affair was managed with the maximum respectability, which seemed to fox the more conscientious of our researchers.

By now the last particle of oxygen had fled, so that all round us people were breathing as if on the final beat up Everest, and it was time to make our entry at the Lido, where tables had been reserved round the large apron stage where music-hall turns of a Palladium standard mix in with the dancing of an extravagantly mounted chorus. Tremendously professional ice-skaters were succeeded by a tremendously professional juggler, and both by a tremendously professional waterfall. The

Lido is lushly decorated, its champagne beyond reproach. Suddenly about two-thirty it dawned on us that we hadn't noticed that half the chorus was bare, and we took that as a warning to go home to bed.

During the whole evening we had not spent a centime beyond our initial 7,000 francs. No one had asked for a tip. Had we wanted, the coach would have collected us from our hotel and dropped us there again, for no extra charge. As a bottle of champagne can easily cost 7,000 francs in a night-club, it is not bad value. If you care for a blameless evening of social investigation, that is.

## Essence



## of Parliament

**A**FTER a passing tiff about the cost of Princess Margaret's wedding, the House settled down to discuss on the motion of Mr. John Osborn the less romantic topic of investment. Where are we getting these days? Everyone is agreed that we are not investing enough, but, whereas from the Socialist benches Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Crosland compare us unfavourably with the highly capitalist countries of Western Europe, from the Conservative benches Mr. Skeet complains that we are not doing as well as Soviet Russia.

The new race among the parties seems to be which will first catch up with Canon Collins. Tuesday's real fun was the curtain-raiser for Wednesday. The Opposition had asked that the Blue Streak debate only go on until 7 o'clock and Mr. Gaitskell had pushed off to Israel and got out of having to be there at all. The motive was not hard to understand.

**Keeping Up  
with the  
Collinses?**

With three and a half hours' debate and four front-bench speakers, back-benchers would for all intents and purposes be crowded out, and of course, mindful of the embarrassments of the last defence debate, the Opposition front bench was desperately anxious that none of its back benchers should get a chance to speak. They had devised a motion for which neither those who objected to there being a deterrent at all nor those who objected to it for being ineffective could refuse to vote, but, if the voters started to explain their votes in speeches, there was no knowing what would happen. But it was not so easy as that to muzzle the Shinwells and the Wiggs and Silvermen, and they soon made it clear that they had no intention of stopping speaking at 7 o'clock. Mr. Harold Wilson, temporary leader of the Opposition, had no alternative but to make a virtue of necessity and pretend that he would welcome a longer debate. Mr. Butler sat back smiling.

When Wednesday's debate did come it was as confused as those who had intended to confound it could have wished. The front-bench speakers on the whole talked about the motion on the Order Paper. The back-bench speakers talked about something else in which they were more interested. The motion on the Order Paper asserted that the Government deserved censure for going on with Blue Streak long after it was evident that it would be useless, and with some adroitness side-stepped the question when exactly it was evident that it would be useless by demanding an inquiry. On the narrow issue the only real point of interest was what reason Mr. Watkinson would give why this precise moment was chosen for its abandonment. The reason that he gave was that it was only now that the Americans had decided definitely to commit themselves to the development of Skybolt. It was not a very convincing reason since even now it is quite uncertain whether Skybolt will ever be of any use—indeed will ever come into existence—and anyway the reason for abandoning Blue Streak is not that something else is better but that, now that the Russians have

found out how to destroy it with complete accuracy, Blue Streak is useless. The moment for abandonment was clearly the moment when it was obvious that the Russians would be able to destroy it before it was able to come into existence. The abandonment was delayed, claimed Mr. Harold Wilson in one of his better knock-about efforts, simply to save the face of Mr. Sandys. "This was the most expensive face in history—certainly since Helen of Troy launched a thousand ships—and they at any rate were operational."

Most Members were however interested in the larger question, Is this the end of the independent nuclear deterrent? On the Labour benches one Member—Mr. Irvine—supported **Do We Deter?** Mr. Gaitskell and his contention that we needed an independent deterrent in order that we should not depend on America, and was ridiculed by Mr. Shinwell for doing so, but the general interpretation of Mr. George Brown's argument that there was no longer any point in supporting the independent deterrent if we had not got it and had no chance of getting it was that this was the end of Socialist support of it. The only question was what Mr. Gaitskell would say when he came back from Israel, for while the mouse was away the cats had been playing.

But what does the Government support? Mr. Shinwell made the statement that we had not in fact got an independent nuclear deterrent. Mr. Head, in the most important speech of the debate, asked from the Conservative back bench what could be the purpose of it if we did have it. No attempt was made by Mr. Sandys, speaking after him, to answer his question.

**The Sandys are  
Running Out**

America, argued Mr. Head, was spending £4,350,000,000 on the nuclear deterrent. She had a power sufficient to destroy the world four times over. What purpose could be served by adding a measly One to this Infinity? Was it not enormously more important to use our resources to build up our conventional forces? Mr. Watkinson's argument was that if they prove suitable and within our means then we may buy the delivery power of either Skybolt or Polaris from America, and he launched into a passionate argument how much more economical it was to pool our resources. It may well be more economical, but it is obviously the end of the idea of the independent nuclear deterrent. It seems that for the future the Socialists will oppose the independent nuclear deterrent and the Conservatives will just quietly abolish it.

The people who really came out of the debate best were the Liberals, since, although their amendment was not called and although doubtless had it been called no Socialists and no Conservatives would have voted for it, yet in fact its doctrine was the one that received most general agreement and is most likely to be adopted. Yet with the widening of the debate Members had almost forgotten what it was supposed to be about—Mr. Sandys—and there was less interest in Mr. Sandys's personal performance than might have been the case had the debate been kept to a narrower issue. But the trouble with Mr. Sandys was that he had not enough facts. I do not mean that he had not enough facts to sustain his case. He had not enough facts to fill up his time. They had told the boys to rally round at ten o'clock to vote for him. The best of them were at the Royal Academy Banquet and only just made it as it was. By twenty to ten Mr. Sandys had no more to say.

On Thursday back to credit squeeze without getting any very notable rise out of Mr. Heathcoat Amory. It was mainly notable for the irrepressible Mr. Lipton's crack that the British

**Credit Squeeze  
Again**

people "had never been had so good." It sounded as if he had made this up for the Blue Streak debate, had not been able to get it off, but found that it did just as well for the Credit Squeeze. Some people have all the luck.

—PERCY SOMERSET



## In the City



### Economic Dichotomy

THE contrast between the behaviour of the security markets and of the economy itself has recently become increasingly odd. In the months that followed the Budget the ordinary shares of industrial companies dealt in on the Stock Exchange have fallen in value by about 10 per cent. This is a virtually unanimous verdict given by the profusion of indices now available for these measurements (including the latest weighted arithmetic average index for Top People).

While this very perceptible and very painful slide has been going on the news from the economy has been almost uniformly good and in some cases excellent. Items: industrial production is running a stupendous 10 per cent up on last year; month by month the output of cars reaches new record figures and the same is true of steel; exports remain high, those of cars in particular breaking the 1959 records by appreciable margins; unemployment has virtually disappeared from large parts of the country and the average is now well below 2 per cent; there is every indication that capital investment is still increasing as shown by the recently published plans of well-nigh every important firm in this country; even textiles, so long a home for Cassandras, are having a wonderful recovery, and are short of labour and long of order books.

There are admittedly duller spots, including shipbuilding. Many firms that have touched nuclear power projects have burned their fingers in the process. By and large, however, the economy is booming. The persistence of the boom was the assumption which underlay all the Budget calculations. The main ally on which the Chancellor depended to conquer that mounting, blue-streaked level of expenditure was the natural buoyancy of revenue, of which there can be none unless there is

buoyancy of profits and income. One could wish that market pundits remembered this basic fact and had not derived the whole of their prophetic view of the Budget from the Chancellor's warnings about the boom becoming too boomy and requiring a little touch of repression.

This is the warning which has caused the market trouble. The uncertainty has worked so effectively on speculators and investors that it has probably yielded better results than would have been secured if action had been taken at the same time as the Budget speech.

Among the main sufferers from the threats of credit restriction have been the shares of banks and hire purchase finance companies. This again is a paradox since it is the sharp increase in bank advances and in the volume of hire purchase credit that led the authorities to reimpose some restrictive action. These institutions have all been

doing good and expanding business. The only fault to be found with them is that they have done too much business and that their enthusiasm is in need of a little curbing. But even with this curb they must, on the basis of the recent expansion in loans and advances, which are the most profitable of the banks' assets, and of the increase in the volume of hire purchase transactions, be facing an extraordinarily profitable year.

Among H.P. Finance Houses, United Dominions Trust, Lombard Banking, Bowmaker and Mercantile Credit, yielding between  $3\frac{1}{2}$  and 4 per cent would seem to be reasonably good investments with plenty of growth in them. A recovery in Bank shares seems to be overdue and one way of securing participation in it is through Bank Units which, after their recent split, are moderately priced to yield nearly  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

— LOMBARD LANE

\* \* \*

## In the Country



### The Naughtiness of the Snail

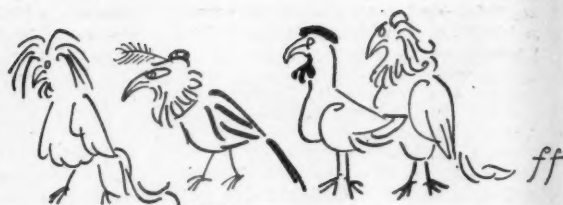
AT my French primary school we sang a cautionary song with the chorus, *L'escargot, l'escargot le saura...* All our naughtinesses, that is. Not that we were much intimidated by the idea of this gentle vigilante. Who could fear such a slow-moving beast putting out beaded horns from something that looked like greengage jelly? It is only sudden movement that frightens a child. Besides, did we not pass every day a restaurant that showed trays of them stuffed with parsley and breadcrumbs?

Nowadays, a gardener, I don't feel I like the creatures half as much as I did, when I contemplate the havoc they have wrought among the carnations and Sweet Williams—and all in the space of a week or so. They are reduced to a nub, almost planed away. The iron pipes that reinforce the garden paling are the

ideal retreat for wintering snails, a regular Old Dolls' Home. When the blood-lust is upon me I take a crowbar and stir them to a purée. The thrush is busy at her anvil, and every morning the ground is littered with empty shells. Still they move in on us from the hedgerows where on quiet evenings you may hear them noisy as children at their cereal. The fact is the snail is a choosy eater. On our choice fare they grow at a prodigious rate, fat dark-banded chestnut beauties. Perhaps we should feel grateful we are not plagued by the small black-and-white kind that carpets the fields of Normandy. Walking there we crackled at every step. The cows, hobbled vilely horn to forefoot, ate as much shell as grass and we wondered what it was doing to their many-lobed stomachs, seeing they are not equipped with a crop.

At home we destroy the bluish eggs bursting so beautifully from the soil as we turn it. But still they come. The paving shows countless criss-crosses leading to the birdcrusts of which they are so fond. Hieroglyphs trail off into eloquent dots and dashes so that you expect to make out a message at any moment. It is this passion for bran that attracts them to the commercial poisons, whose help we are forced to seek. Fearful is the slaughter, fearful the bubbly broth of dying snails every morning. They find the mixture irresistible and never seem to learn—or so we hope.

— STELLA CORSO



## AT THE PICTURES

*Cone of Silence*

*Wake Me When It's Over*

**W**ITHOUT knowing the original novel by David Beaty on which *Cone of Silence* (Director: Charles Frenn) is based, I take it to have been in the Nevil Shute country. Certainly the film makes one think of *No Highway*, and it is good—as far as I can judge, after more than eight years—in the same sort of way.

Again the world is that of civil aviation, and the central figure is an experienced pilot, Gort (Bernard Lee), whom we see at the start facing a court of inquiry after a crash. That is to say, he is the real central figure, even though he crashes again, fatally, before the end and many ordinary film-goers will—and are no doubt expected to—regard his daughter (Elizabeth Seal) and

another younger pilot (Michael Craig) as the heroine and hero of the story. It is true that they supply the conventional "romance," which is treated with a pleasant irony and not emphasized, but the spring of the action, the basic point of the whole affair, is the question of the older man's capability. Was he unjustly censured at the inquiry? Was he doing the right thing all the time, and could the reason for the crash—and the later one that killed him—have been something other than "pilot error"?

Examination of these possibilities takes us into every corner of the airline's work, and its details are admirably and most entertainingly shown. The younger pilot, Dallas, is the training captain called on to give Gort a special test, in which he has to "fly blind to the cone of silence." We watch this, and get the impression that we understand what is to be done and how his experience enables him to do it perfectly

—though I still doubt whether anything in the film justifies the use of *Cone of Silence* as a title for it.

Apart from the freshness and interest of its detail and the incidental amusing or dramatic tensions between the characters, the strength of the piece comes from its episodes of suspense, of which that is the first. A later one is violently exciting, when enormous hailstones break the windscreen of the pilot's cabin and he fights for control. There are several more, working up to the final one, after his death still officially in the wrong, and another pilot is beginning to take off in exactly the same conditions as those of the two crashes, and by now we are sure that exactly the same thing will happen again—unless . . .

Mr. Lee is excellent as the solid, mature Gort who does everything "by the book"; Mr. Craig is a credibly competent Dallas, though the part otherwise is much like his usual one of the cheerful girl-chaser; Miss Seal manages, with very little help from the script, to give some individuality to the daughter. But in other ways the script (Robert Westerby) and direction are imaginatively good, spicing the simplest and quietest scenes with interest.

The trouble with *Wake Me When It's Over* (Director: Mervyn LeRoy) is a change of tone and mood towards the end. Much of it is light-hearted and ingeniously funny; then malice appears, and we have something like an actively unsympathetic character whose machinations have to be defeated. Then comes something else utterly out of place in the story as we have so far enjoyed it—sentimentality. These, with the steadily increasing obviousness of its aim to flatter the Japanese and make us all love them, soften and spoil the later part of the film; but at first, and for much of its length, it is effectively pleasing.

The best of it shows the troubles of Gus Brubaker (Dick Shawn) when he is called up again, long after demobilization, as a result of the Army's refusal to admit the mistake that provided him with two serial numbers. All these early scenes, and his first experiences when sent to the remote island of Shima (finding a garrison that never bothers to wear uniform and does nothing but look for new ways of killing time) are good and amusing. But then the



Sir Arnold Hobbes—GEORGE SANDERS

Captain Gort—BERNARD LEE

[*Cone of Silence*]

plot takes over, as they proceed to build a luxury hotel with Army surplus stores, and at last, not only is Gus facing a quite serious court-martial but even that wonderful roaring comedian Ernie Kovacs, as his C.O., is supposed to be in love. I haven't the heart to detail how the film goes downhill; all the same, nearly three-quarters of it is enjoyable.

#### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Also press-shown was *Cash McCall*, now on release. From a novel by Cameron Hawley, author of *Executive Suite*, it deals with the same big-business world, and though it's far lighter and more romanticized than the film of that I found it remarkably entertaining in a similar way. In London, there's not much left of importance except *The Four Hundred Blows* (16/3/60), which is a must. The International Film Theatre has the rough but moving and impressive *Come Back Africa* (27/4/60) with *Night and Fog* ("Survey," 24/2/60). *Renoir's Lunch on the Grass* (20/4/60) continues, but I found more enjoyment in Autant-Lara's *The Green Mare's Nest* (6/4/60).

One good release: *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll* (30/3/60—94 mins.). More trivial, but quite worth while: *Cash McCall* (see above—101 mins.).

—RICHARD MALLETT

## ON THE AIR

### Copy Cats

IF "Wham!!" (ABC) is the sort of thing the youngsters want at six o'clock on a Saturday evening then, unless it can be shown to do them any harm, by all means let them have it: and even if it can, who's going to cast the first stone? If I were allowed just one carping note of old-foginess, it would be that in my salad days we used to send our elders into a rage by playing gramophone records of Duke Ellington's band, and we were told that the music thus produced was decadent, ephemeral and badly performed. In fact it is now admitted to have been very well performed indeed, so far from being ephemeral that it is obtainable to-day on L.P.s and very likely immortal, and about as decadent as a small port in your stout.

My quarrel with the music in "Wham!!" is that it is decadent because it takes several lumbering steps backwards from Ellington and such, so obviously ephemeral that it constantly needs fresh gimmicks to keep it alive from one week to the next, and only too well played by accomplished jazzmen who I can only hope secretly despise it. In "Wham!!" we have a group called Jack Good's Fat Noise—mainly heavy brass and saxophones—playing in what might be either part of a darkened cathedral or the end of a derelict boathouse, with songs by dramatically photographed young men (often shot from ground level, so that they look like cowering pinheads) and a lot of muddled shuffling by some young ladies from an otherwise highly respected firm of football-pool promoters. The band makes a jolly

enough din, of a monotonous, thumping kind so unsophisticated as to be streets behind the drummers of East Africa in the matter of rhythm; the young men give passable imitations of the uninhibited American idols of rock, and paw their way through a painfully rehearsed selection of gestures intended to indicate that they are mean, randy, ruthless, American, winsome or simply out of their minds; and high in a kind of minstrels' gallery near the roof a collection of little girls periodically lets loose a concerted squeaking noise that might easily remind the uninitiated stranger of a nestful of blind, pathetic, half-formed sparrows waiting to be fed. The show is well produced, and will probably bring a lot of simple pleasure to kiddies old-fashioned enough to put up with it. How awe-inspiring it would be, incidentally, if one day the young performers of this country stopped aping long enough to develop an original kind of entertainment of their own—however trivial—and lived to see the day when it was copied by their opposite numbers in the United States!

It should not be forgotten, I think, that Billie Whitelaw, on April 24, gave one of the most flawless performances the little screen has yet offered, as Sally Hardcastle in Vivian A. Daniels' production of *Love on the Dole* (BBC). I suspect that the uncanny naturalism and authenticity of her characterizations (she never rates anything less than three cheers) may be due in part to the fact that she is usually cast as a Lancashire lass, and is obviously playing on her own ground, as it were. Still, it would give me great pleasure to see this grumpy theory disproved.

It should also be remembered that ABC asked Harold Pinter to write a play for "Armchair Theatre," and had Philip Saville direct it with loving care and considerable artistry. (The black-out ending to Act Two didn't satisfy me, but the fluency of the Saville touch in the party scene alone would have compensated for a dozen such uncertainties.) The play, *A Night Out*, had a couple of typically brilliant Pinter dialogue-fugues, characters that sprang to life at the blink of an eye, and a macabre, short-storyish "plot" which squeezed yet another drop of juicy drama from the possessive-mother theme. Madge Ryan's Mrs. Stokes was a memorable heart-breaking performance. I fear there may be angry letters from the general about this caviar. I hope ABC will tear them up: after all, they still have their "Wham!!" to offer as a palliative—and every week, at that. —HENRY TURTON

## AT THE OPERA

*Erwartung*—*The Nightingale*—*The Diary of a Madman*—*The Soldier's Tale* (SADLER'S WELLS)

OPERA GOERS in general stay away huffily from anything their grandparents didn't see and hail and hum a million times. How does the New

## PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

- "Punch in the Theatre." Devonshire Park Theatre, Eastbourne, Barker's Store, Eastbourne.
- "Punch in the Cinema." Gaumont Cinema, Derby.
- "Punch with Wings." Exhibition Hall, Queen Buildings, London Airport Central.

Opera Company pay the bills for productions of the sort listed above, which, for all their merits (because of them, in fact) cannot hope, in the beaten way of operatic trading, for more than 30 per cent houses?

An implicit answer is the New Opera Company's list of "corporate members." These comprise Associated Electrical Industries, Courtaulds Limited, the John Lewis Partnership and the United Dominions Trust. Fastidious operatic palates are modestly subsidised nowadays from the moneybags of E.C.2 among other sources. Naturally the New Opera Company is hard up. I never knew a company of its sort that wasn't. But it is heartening to know the cause has friends on the Rialto.

*Erwartung* is an early (1909) monodrama by Schoenberg. An Edwardian young woman with muff, picture-hat, wasp waist and leg-of-mutton sleeves, roams elegant yet sinister woodlands (designer, Ralph Koltai) in search of her lover. In this production she climactically finds his corpse and applies damask cheek to blood-starved shirtfront. On the Continent I have known *Erwartung* (sung more cogently on this occasion) with no corpse in view. The outcome, which I was glad not to see emulated here, was verbal jelly. With Schoenberg's score I am not intimate enough to judge whether Leon Lovett conducted it well or ill, but I do know that its aristocratic facture and "colour" range held my ears all the way. When the curtain came down I felt resentful that the orchestra (a splendid lot) had to stop.

Of the three other pieces, *The Soldier's Tale* was revived in an aggressively casual way that went far beyond Stravinsky's quasi-cabaret specification. I cannot be doing with a Narrator who, as an ostentatious afterthought, switches stage lights, democratically unzips a cigarette pack and stubs around in ashtrays. Otherwise the production and performance meant (and achieved) business. Stravinsky's dramatically weak-kneed *The Nightingale*, after Hans Andersen (real nightingale versus clockwork nightingale) has nice vocal bits, many of which are sung from the orchestra pit, symptom of the composer's muddle as to whether he was writing opera, opera-ballet, masque or pageant. Here again the triumph was the orchestra's. Apart from a dullish and immature first act, the *Nightingale* music gets into one's blood stream like a beneficent virus. It made *The Soldier's Tale* sound skinny and drab. *The Diary of a Madman* is an astutely-produced operatic transcript, by Humphrey Searle, of a Gogol story. A spectacted and otherwise ineligible Czarist bureaucrat, circa 1830, falls in love beyond





[Rhinoceros

Berenger—LAURENCE OLIVIER

his style and station, crumbles mentally, hears talking dogs, imagines himself the King of Spain, and is thrown by thugs into a contemporary Rampton. All very touching and tender. But, despite Alexander Young's superb singing and miming of the Madman, not opera by a long chalk. Mr. Searle, a composer of proved talent and vision, does not pin our ears back with his orchestra as Schoenberg does in *Erwartung*. The comparison is inevitable and damaging.

—CHARLES REID

### AT THE PLAY

*Rhinoceros* (ROYAL COURT)  
*What Every Woman Knows* (OLD VIC)  
*New Cranks* (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)

EUGENE IONESCO'S modern fable of conformity, *Rhinoceros*, has survived all the dangers of a channel crossing much better than most French comedies. Orson Welles's production makes no attempt to be as decorative as Barrault's in Paris, but it is thorough and sensitive. It is built round an astonishing performance by Laurence Olivier.

Sir Laurence has worked out his Berenger, the humble clerk who alone of mankind proves immune to rhinocerotization, on the lines of an early Chaplin character. It took me some time to recognize him when he came on the stage, yet he had done very little to disguise himself; the change was mainly interior. Berenger is

afraid of life, he has got into a desperate cycle of work and fatigue and drink; he is appalled when his great friend, an uncompromising Scotsman, played superbly by Duncan Macrae, shows signs of joining the rapidly swelling minority of rhinoceroses. In the end he has a terrible moment of loneliness and regret, but pulls himself together for a final declaration of courage that is strangely moving.

By infinite resource Sir Laurence keeps our attention riveted, but even so I was conscious, as I had been in Paris, that the play takes too long in coming to its point and then is rather slow in making it. Enough matter is there for a long one-act, and no more. I think it a pity, too, that M. Ionesco shows us none of the modern forces pulping us to conformity; one becomes a rhinoceros in the play as one falls a victim to influenza.

Mr. Macrae, lantern-jawed and arrogant, gives a terrifying demonstration of the first steps in becoming a rhinoceros (the play surmounts its technical difficulties with ease). Joan Plowright is excellent as Berenger's down-to-earth girl-friend, and Alan Webb, Miles Malleon, Geoffrey Dunn and Peter Sallis are a good cross-section of bewildered society. It is a great moment when Mr. Webb, a rationalist you would put your shirt on as impervious to mass infections, suddenly snatches a leaf of ivy and eats it voraciously.

One of the best things in Mr. Welles's admirable production is his sound effects,

which are not over-done and which I found absolutely spine-chilling.

Owing to Stratford's unfortunate clash with the Old Vic, the echoes of which, in a time of wild theatrical flood, are still reverberating through my engagement book, I have only just caught up with the Old Vic's production of *What Every Woman Knows*. Not counting *Peter Pan* (to which I have been allergic since the age of 3), this is only the second Barrie revival I have seen since the war, and I don't think I have missed any in London. This production suggests that, far from being as dead as all that, the drier of his comedies are still great fun; and I don't mean tongue-in-the-cheek, period fun. Never having seen the play before, I was surprised to find a strong whiff of Shaw in the first act, when the burglar turns out to be a student coming to use his victim's books in the warmth of his library, and from time to time reminders of it. Barrie could write such good crisp comedy, so neatly tooled, that it was sad when he lost his way in Celtic twilight. When he was on the job he didn't spare the Scots.

This production, by Peter Potter, is a delight. Maggie Smith, in her best performance so far, is wonderfully funny as the redoubtable Maggie, and Donald Houston plays her socially climbing husband with a splendid lack of humour. Fay Compton is a charming Comtesse, Wendy Williams an elegant Lady Sybil; John Moffatt is impressive as the Cabinet go-between, and Gerald James, George Baker and Joss Ackland fill in solidly Maggie's solid men-folk. A good company, all through.

Patrick Robertson's scenery and Rosemary Vercoe's dresses combine pleasingly.

*New Cranks* is even less coherent than its predecessor *Cranks*, and was met by rude noises from the gallery on the first night. John Cranko is again the author, this time with David Lee's music. As a revue it is odd because it carefully avoids topical targets, and mainly tries to satirize human relationships, particularly love. The lyrics are apt to be heavily sentimental, and such little wit as it contains is expressed in mime and ballet, in which most of the company has talent. When it has a winner, as when Bernard Cribbins in a nightmare sees his wife turning into a macabre bird, and on waking finds a feather in his bed, there is no doubt about it; but this happens seldom, and too many of the numbers seem to stem from incommunicable private jokes. Bernard Cribbins has an invaluable funny face, and seems to me a very adroit comedian, and with him Gillian Lynne and Carole Shelley clearly deserve much sharper material.

### Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

*A Passage to India* (Comedy—27/4/60), the Forster novel very intelligently dramatized and beautifully acted. *The Merchant of Venice* (Stratford—27/4/60), good production. *Great Expectations* (Mermaid—27/4/60), the bones of the novel made dramatic.

—ERIC KEOWN

# BOOKING OFFICE

## WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

by JOHN RAYMOND

**The Private Papers of Hore-Belisha.**  
R. J. Minney. Collins, 30/-

IN May 1937 Leslie Hore-Belisha kissed hands as Secretary of State for War. At the age of 43 he was in the Cabinet, one of Mr. Neville Chamberlain's three Men of Promise. (The other two, Eden and Duff-Cooper, were both to resign within the next twelve months.) Ambitious, inventive, full of drive and optimism, Hore-Belisha was the Marples of his day. As Minister of Transport he had won golden opinions for reducing the rate of traffic accidents and for giving the journalised public of the 'thirties its most powerful totem. (The Belisha Beacon, along with the Yo-yo and the Biff-bat, is the symbol of that period of national dishonour.) Though Civil Servants and political colleagues disliked Hore-Belisha's flair for journalistic stunts and personal publicity, no one could deny he had been a great success at the Ministry of Transport. It was hoped that he would be similarly successful as a new broom at the Horse Guards.

Mr. R. J. Minney (of *Clive of India* fame), who has edited and provided the connecting narrative for Hore-Belisha's papers, is rightly concerned to concentrate on his Secretaryship of War and the events leading up to his abrupt dismissal by Mr. Chamberlain in January 1940. It is an exciting chapter of political history in itself and one that many root-and-branch do-gooders will be tempted to mis-read, unless they scrutinize the very fragmentary evidence closely. The fascination of the Affair Hore-Belisha is that it raises such infinite speculations.

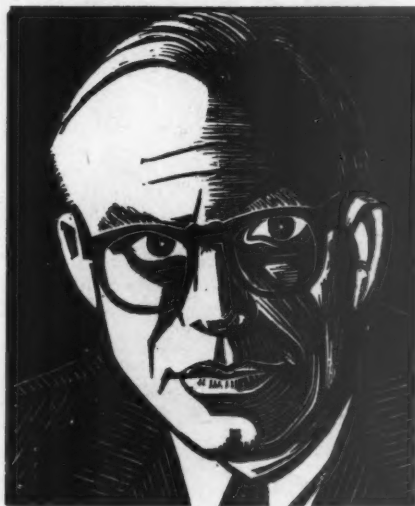
After reading Mr. Minney no one can doubt that Hore-Belisha was a great Secretary for War—a man definitely in the Cardwell-Haldane class. His administrative reforms, his brilliant recruitment drives in face of national apathy and the sullen opposition of the Left (it is too often forgotten that four months before the outbreak of war the Labour Party was still opposing conscription in spite of our pledges to Poland) all witness to the energy and constructive

thinking he brought to Army problems. His concern for the welfare as well as the efficiency of the British soldier was part of a greater aim. Quite simply, he wanted to abolish the old-fashioned image of Tommy Atkins—pasty, putteed, underprivileged and scarcely tolerated in the public bar—and replace him with a skilled professional soldier, well clothed and housed, in step with the rest of the nation. In this he largely succeeded. As these papers show, he almost physically imposed conscription and the establishment of a Ministry of Supply upon Mr. Chamberlain. For all this, and the basic state of military readiness achieved by September, 1939, we must always be grateful to Hore-Belisha.

Who got him out—or, as Low put it in the famous cartoon, Who Killed Cock Robin? At first the obvious answer—the brass hats at the War Office and in the Commands—seems the correct one. Mr. Minney himself has no doubts about this. As he puts it:

The outbreak of war swept back into various positions of trust and responsi-

### PRESENTING THE CRITICS



4.—HAROLD HOBSON  
Theatre, Sunday Times

bility senior officers who had been bypassed by the promotion of younger men, once their juniors in rank and length of service . . . On Hore-Belisha, as the man responsible, all their hostility centred. And war brought them their opportunity to settle the score, since civilian interference was easier to attack in wartime, no matter how exalted the position of the civilian . . .

"Nothing will happen at once," Sir Fabian Ware told the new War Minister, "but there will be whispering in drawing-rooms and words will be dropped in influential ears. They will get you out." Asked how long it would take, he made the remarkable prophecy, "eighteen months to two years."

Though Mr. Minney never comments on it, the one fact that does emerge from this book is that Hore-Belisha, for such a shrewd politician, was an absurdly bad judge of men. Granted that generals—especially British generals—are a difficult class to assess correctly. Yet why should Hore-Belisha, having with great difficulty winked out Field-Marshal Sir Cyril Deverell—the epitome of Horse Guards resistance to change—have selected first Gort and then Ironside as C.I.G.S.? The first was a brave and chivalrous wooden-head, the second appears to have been a real 1914-18 intrigant of the "Frock" Wilson pattern. To this, together with so much else in the Affair H.-B.—the extraordinary twistiness of Chamberlain throughout, Churchill's apparent foreknowledge of the blow in store for Hore-Belisha, the frustrating of the King's efforts to get in touch with him, Ironside's seemingly deliberate attempt to make trouble between Gort and the Cabinet—it looks as though we shall never receive an answer. Radicals with generous sympathies will continue to think of Hore-Belisha as a man of democratic vision sacrificed to Blimpdom. Case-hardened Tory realists, while admitting he was a great patriot, will add that he had the powerful misfortune of rubbing most people up the wrong way.

### NEW NOVELS

**The Private Tightrope.** Edmund Ward.  
MacGibbon and Kee, 16/-

**The Book of Life.** C. H. B. Kitchin.  
Peter Davies, 16/-

**A Signal Victory.** David Stacton. Faber and Faber, 16/-

**The Greater Infortune.** Rayner Heppenstall. Peter Owen, 15/-

The plot of *The Private Tightrope* is merely a polite gesture towards normal practice. What really matters is not the phony popular journalist's attempt to re-discover reality in low life, his wife's swing between infidelity and maternalism

or the picaresque adventures of a caricatured private eye and a college boy doing vacation work, but the brilliant descriptions of things seen and the constant invention of farcical episodes and characters. Mr. Ward's comic prose is continuously fresh and alert. I enjoyed all the good jokes and original observation very much and was not worried by the half-hearted improbabilities of the framework. In a novelist's career it does not seem to matter whether detail comes only after wholes have been mastered or whether brilliant surfaces gradually lead to the development of structure beneath them. After all, Dickens developed from *Pickwick* to *Our Mutual Friend*. Mr. Ward is a London Gwyn Thomas, an off-beat Wodehouse, the Waugh of the lower depths and, more important, a very individual voice.

*The Book of Life* is professional all through. It has been compared to *The Go-Between*, and Mr. L. P. Hartley has, after all, written a warmly appreciative critical essay on Mr. Kitchin; but I could not see much resemblance, apart from the fact that each shows a small boy dimly comprehending the dramas of the adult world. Mr. Kitchin's boy is an orphan who lives with his snobbish Edwardian relatives at the seaside and is told he is going to inherit a fortune. The dominating grandfather, the varying temperaments of his aunts and uncles and an undesirable friendship are described in a style both judicial and elegant. Sympathy with the boy and nostalgia for the assurance of a solid bourgeoisie are not allowed to deflect justice. Mr. Kitchin is an enjoyably ruthless writer.

Mr. David Stacton must be the most incessantly explanatory novelist since Thackeray. Sometimes the comment is sharp and original. More often it struck me as pretentious. However, Mr. Stacton might argue that without his reflections his book would be no more than an historical adventure story and claim that it should be accepted as an essay in politics with all the illustrations taken from the same sequence of events. The hero is a Spaniard turned renegade leader of the people of Yucatan against the conquistadors and some of the narrative of his military activities is exciting and clear-cut. It is a pity that the ideas are not equally exciting, because Mr. Stacton has a lively mind. However, it is only fair to add that he has already won considerable respect as a novelist.

The preface to *The Greater Infortune* confusingly explains that the larger part of it was published in a limited edition under the title *Saturnine* and that the last chapter is taken from *The Lesser Infortune*. Revision has included changing the narrator's name. Moreover Mr. Heppenstall lists changes he proposes to make in future editions of *The Lesser Infortune*. Generally his aim has been to emphasize that the narrator is not intended to be himself. However, if the book is not a straightforward account of personal experience in the lower reaches of the pre-war intelligentsia, its looseness is inexplicable. If Richard St. Hilda is Richard Hilary, anything Mr. Heppenstall writes about him is interesting. If not, then the reader's interest has to be caught and held by contrivance and this Mr. Heppenstall does not attempt.

Perhaps he does not stand far enough away from his material. His distinction of mind is only intermittently apparent and I am afraid the novel will be read mainly for the clues it may provide for admirers of his poetry and criticism. — R. G. G. PRICE

## FUNNY MEN

*Ring Delirium* 123. Gwyn Thomas.

*Gollancz, 16/-*

*Don't Forget To Write.* Art Buchwald.

*Gollancz, 13/6*

*How To Take A Chance.* Darrell Huff.

*Gollancz, 13/6*

Other reviewers of fiction by Mr. Thomas, as his publisher reminds readers of this new collection of his profoundly humorous short stories, have praised his writing in terms of Chaucer, Dickens, Compton-Burnett, Shaw, Runyon, Swift, Aristophanes, Thomas Love Peacock, Evelyn Waugh, Balzac, Wodehouse, D. H. Lawrence, Rabelais, Hardy, Wells, Arnold Bennett and Dylan Thomas. That seems to be quite enough of literary comparisons. Otherwise, his prose reminds me of the colour scarlet, the Keystone cops in double-time, a flourish of trombones, a runaway merry-go-round, a backward somersault through a flaming metaphor, and the explosion (in his own potent words) of "a too tightly corked jar of rhubarb that was fermenting as if it had a protest to make." This is passionate, poetic stuff that fizzles and heaves with yeasty energy, indeed with life. The setting is Meadow Prospect, a Welsh corner of chaos where a bus ride or a choral rehearsal is fraught with custard-pie dangers of legendary scale. It must be noted, with a tiny smirk of false modesty, that most of the stories first appeared in this magazine.

With the latest Buchwald volume, the Gollancz blurb-writers tried a completely different method; maybe they thought nobody would believe them if they said his columns for the *New York Herald Tribune* had been influenced by Homer, Edna St. Vincent Millay and the Sad Sack. "Let newcomers turn to the piece . . . entitled 'It Puckers Your Mouth,'" it is suggested, "vow not to laugh, and read it." Being an old fan of Mr. Buchwald's, I did not have to take the vow, but somehow I did not laugh much. Reading this and all the other bits about how rough it is being the favourite clown of the press agents of the western world sure did pucker my mouth. That is the way that sour grapes always affect me.

*How To Take A Chance* is like a schoolmaster wearing a funny paper hat. An elementary text book on probability theory is still an elementary text book on probability theory, in spite of its jaunty style and all the jolly little drawings by Irving Geis. The author says that an "assiduous ape," striking the keys of a typewriter at random, would have taken 40<sup>20,000</sup> years to write the chapter of about 3,000 words in which haphazard composition is discussed. Some people may feel that 40<sup>20,000</sup> years would have been too long to wait, but the point is a debatable one.

— PATRICK SKENE CATLING



"Excuse me, is this knee taken?"



## BLOOD COUNT

**Sleeping Dogs Lying.** Kenneth O'Hara. Cassell, 15/- . Goodish scientist falls in love with ditto, except that she is red-haired and politically suspect, only no one will say why; her own story has gaps in it too. His friend, member of ramshackle intelligence organization, starts digging, and slowly unearths what really happened at Harwell-like establishment five years back. Large cast of agents and scientists, including one genius, handled very expertly (people on the same side don't much like each other). Very convincing despite fuzzy ending.

**Death Us Do Part.** Maude Parker. Hodder and Stoughton, 12/6. Ex-wife, trying to rescue daughter from bad influence of husband's new family, becomes suspect for one murder after another. Good atmosphere of old money coming down and new money pushing up. American, tidily and entertainingly written.

**The Alternate Case.** Joseph F. Dinneen. Cassell, 16/- . Documentary account of big bank robbery and framing of another gang for doing it. Despite flat writing full of fascinating detail about the organization of big crime in America and the life criminals lead (lots of flash-backs, all well worth while). Reads almost like a tract against a society that allows such organizations to flourish. A really rum one.

**Back-lash.** Vernon Warren. John Gifford, 10/6. Much more run-of-the-mill account of how American private eye tries to use new information on old bank robbery for his own ends, with the police against him. Tough and fast, in a predictable way.

**For Your Eyes Only.** Ian Fleming. Cape, 15/- . Five rather perfunctory James Bond short stories, one with a curious Maughamish flavour and two fairly exciting. Even Bond-addicts will be a little disappointed.

**The Dark Road.** James Cross. Heinemann, 15/- . American lawyer, practising in Germany, gets in bad with authorities and is blackmailed by friend in Intelligence into going into Eastern Germany to pick up secret document in hands of obstinate pastor. Intelligent, exciting in places but desperately unreal in others, where the symbolism juts through.

—PETER DICKINSON

## AFRICAN IN AFRICA

**Drawn in Colour.** Noni Jabavu. John Murray, 18/-

"How black the people are!" It is a surprising reaction from a cultured black South African woman to her first visit to Uganda. Noni Jabavu is the daughter of a professor at Fort Hare, educated in England and married to an Englishman—not a person to be afflicted with racial prejudice. Like many of the Southern Bantu, she believed that Uganda was "the African's own country," prosperous and advanced and wholly to be envied by the victims of *apartheid*. A visit to her sister, married to a barrister in Kampala, dispelled this vision of a Bantu paradise. She found the Bantwana dirty, drunken and dissipated. Tradition, which to her—she is a Xhosa—

stood for courtesy and decency, stood in Uganda for a way of life that revolted her in spite of herself. Miss Jabavu has a crystal clear vision, absolute honesty of mind, and eloquence to match. Her book is a welcome antidote to the woolly thinking about Africans that currently prevails.

—P. S.

## OTHER NEW BOOKS

**Act One.** Moss Hart. Secker and Warburg, 25/-

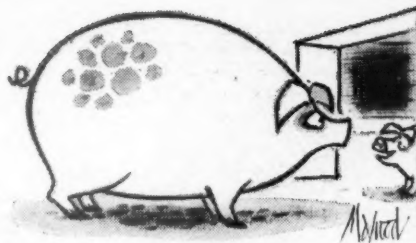
One grows rather tired of the bitty, casual autobiographies thrown off by celebrities hungry for still more publicity. This book, by a distinguished American dramatist, is as far from this category as it could be. It is so beautifully written, and arranged with such taste and art, that it gives the impression that Mr. Hart has lavished his best skills on it first of all for his own satisfaction, and perhaps as an act of self-discovery.

This instalment takes him up to his first big success in the theatre, as a young man. He was brought up in "an atmosphere of unrelieved poverty," and only escaped from it when George S. Kaufman agreed to doctor one of his early plays. Kaufman came at exactly the right moment in his career; there is a very amusing portrait here of this eccentric and lovable man. Students of the American theatre will find *Act One* absorbing, and mere students of life should be equally attracted by its civilized reflection of the American scene.

—E. O. D. K.

**Houdini.** W. L. Gresham. Gollancz, 21/-

The almost legendary performer who supposedly walked through walls and released himself from innumerable ropes or handcuffs on stage or under water is shown in this biography—overpoweringly American in idiom—to have ducked under the walls, used keys to open the cuffs and a knife strapped to his chest to cut the ropes. He pre-arranged his prison escapes with his gaolers, planted accomplices among his audiences, worked always with an unsuspected partner of unflinching loyalty—his wife—and hired strongarm thugs to talk convincingly to sceptics. He was



"He's gone to market."

quite genuinely a good swimmer and a superb showman, well served by almost megalomaniac self-assurance.

In his heyday he attained real importance by out-faking sham spirit mediums, his admirers including men like Conan Doyle and Sir William Crookes who would fain insist even against his denials that his methods were supernatural. His physical form dematerialized and returned to earth to their complete satisfaction—through a simple concealed panel.

—C. C. P.

## CREDIT BALANCE

**Who, Me?** Betty MacDonald. Hammond, Hammond, 16/- . The uncountable readers of *The Egg and I* and *The Plague and I* will enjoy the cosy autobiography of the gay American lady who extracted those books from seeming misfortunes; though they'll find they've read most of it already in her earlier books.

**The Forgotten King.** Derek Hudson. Constable, 12/6. Reprinted literary and historical essays. Unassuming, gossipy, might lure the young into reading. Subjects include William IV, Grandma Moses, Robert Southey and the taxidermist of Eramber. Account of Oxford "King and Country" debate makes it sound much more frivolous than it was.

**The National Gallery London.** Sir Philip Hendy. Thames and Hudson, 28/- . Following a historical survey of the National Gallery, the main section of the book consists of 101 colour plates, each extensively annotated. Together with 240 small monochrome prints they indicate the remarkable range of this collection. The quality of the colour reproduction, though slightly muted, is extraordinarily good, considering the low price.



## A REGULAR ORDER

Punch Bouverie Street London EC4

A regular order with your Newsagent will ensure that you see PUNCH every week. If you do not pass his shop very often just fill in the details below, send them to the above address and we will do all that is necessary.

Please supply me with PUNCH each week.

MY NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

NEWSAGENT'S NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE



## FOR WOMEN

### Stalking the Huntress

STRANGE, ominous drums roll across the Atlantic. The American retailers are preparing for battle. The Selling Sixties, as our much-baptized decade is known over there, spurs them on to martial activities. Behind the backs of the unsuspecting public exclusive trade publications echo with the terminology of ruthless generals. Appeals ring out for more aggressive retailers, for better tactical specifics. One thundering voice rises above the din: "The competitive retail battle will be fought with weapons fashioned by us; it is our game we will be playing."

Well, it certainly won't be ours. Read on and blanch: from the sellers' point of view we only exist as potential selleses; worse still, we're classified and branded, like captive birds. Instead of being just ourselves, nice, rather interesting creatures who occasionally do some shopping, each one of us is either a teenager, a huntress, a wife, or a December bride.

Nos. 1 and 3 are comparatively easy, although the teenager also qualifies as a consumer trainee. The description is somewhat misleading. While trainees are normally required to undergo training, the American consumer trainee is encouraged to dictate to her elders and betters, demanding the kind of goods she's willing to consume. Let it be impractical, let it be foolish, the trade journal coos in the tones of an indulgent Mom; if the teenagers want it, let them have it. By 1980 there will be some twenty-five million more girls added to the exploding population—think of all the mad gimmicky things they'll demand and buy!

Wives get much shorter shrift. Harassed, cautious, budget-minded, they're poor selleses, and when they get some extra cash they are foolish enough to spend it on education, travel and—speak softly—culture, instead of running up huge bills in department stores. But between the teenager and the wife

there's someone rather special, someone to be cherished—the huntress.

According to this classification, the huntress is an impulse purchase candidate who in her wild quest for a career and a mate will buy any old thing that may further her purposes. Where are you, naïve Diana, foolish huntress with your silly bow and single hair ornament of the crescent moon, what do you know about impulse purchases, always wearing the same draped tunic and unflattering sandals? Still, you can mend your ways and become a December bride—an older woman with lots of money and a tiresome insistence on quality. The December bride is the champion sellee, the great restless on whom prosperity is based: with her cultivated taste she rounds up the picture of classified womanhood amid the jingle of expensive status symbols.

Men seem to be of no consequence except in relation to women. One expert who turns the analytical searchlight on the 18–24 age group finds four men to every three women. "What a fate without a mate!" the cry goes up; what a good subject for an advertising campaign. Young man, you've been warned. Buy more shoes, ties, socks, better clothes, change your shirts more frequently, or else remain the odd man out, with not even a December bride to share your loneliness.

In this strange world of selling tycoons we are barely human. A graph in the same magazine compares the female population of the U.S.A. with the domestic production of ladies' handbags. Note the distinction: the humans are mere females, the handbags are "ladies'." And they're winning, too. In 1947 there were 55 million females and 50 million handbags, but the gap began to narrow around 1955, and in 1962 the two thin lines will cross, signalling 58 million females and the same number of handbags. By 1971 our defeat will be complete: 65 million females will be owned by 70 million ladies' handbags. The rest is too awful to contemplate.

Of course it won't be an easy victory. According to a national authority "the immediate problem is to overcome the desire on the part of the consumer to feel the material and to see how the bag looks on the wrist. New packaging methods will speed the day in making this method of distribution a reality."

### Out of Flavour

GOOD Taste has chased the frilly dolly

From my nightie-case,  
The plastic doiley from my trolley  
(And, of course, the lace).

Good taste has brought me plates and jugs

Of muddy earthenware,  
And nearly-perfect hand-loom rugs,  
And chair on plushless chair.

Good taste has turned the scumbled hall

To pastel pink and grey.  
(Who cares if every inch of wall  
Needs washing every day?)

My hubby was the tasteful one,  
But he has trained me well,  
For what I think of all he's done  
Good taste forbids me tell.

—HAZEL TOWNSON

Is there no escape? If we really must buy all those handbags, can't we please choose the ones we neither need nor want but buy for the sake of peace? No, there's no help. One expert—I regret to say a woman herself—gives away the ultimate secret in a lyrical paragraph about the ideal store.

"A store should be selling desire," her advice runs. "It should be Hope Headquarters and sell hope with every

sale. It should be the fulfiller of dreams—especially of the Great American Dream which is the wish for a change into something rich and strange."

Oh, well, in that case it's all right. Once our bones have turned into coral and our eyes into pearls it won't matter an awful lot whether our extra handbag will be of real crocodile leather or pale puce plastic.

Meanwhile that will be all, thank you.

— BEATA BISHOP

## Blue for a Girl

I **TOUGHT** to have been a boy. There was a blue nursery waiting for me, and a shawl with blue bobbles round the edge. The high-chair was blue, and so was the cot. My name had been chosen—David; but I confounded everyone by being a girl. I suppose my parents became reconciled to me after a while. Anyway, perhaps I made up for it by liking boys very much—even from an early age.

Being a dutiful daughter I did my best to keep my parents happy by ensuring that the house was always filled with small boys in dungarees and, later, lanky youths in cricket flannels. And I've often remarked to my parent, "You know, you're right, Mother—boys are nice."

It must have been very nice having me for a daughter. Even though my parents never had a son they had many, well—son substitutes, which is much more interesting. My father had only to mention that the garden needed digging over and I could produce a very sweet agricultural student who was willing to do just that. And if, afterwards, we stayed up into the early hours drinking my father's liquor and playing my mother's records, well—I was doing it for them. Whenever the car needed overhauling I knew a handsome student of engineering who could put it right in two shakes. Of course we had to test it afterwards by going for a run in the country.

In fact everything worked out really well, especially when an accountant friend of mine straightened out my father's income-tax troubles. I think that my parents appreciated all that I did for them.

Only once did my father get a little out of hand, and that was when I asked for a car for my nineteenth birthday. I pointed out to him, reproachfully, that

he was saving money on me all the time. My entertainment cost him very little and he never had to buy me nylons or chocolates. I said to him "I hope you realize that if you'd had a son he'd be wasting all your money on some other man's daughter—and he'd still want a car."

Some people in my position would have grown up all inhibited. By rights I should have had a guilt complex and gone about with my hair cropped, wearing tailored suits and shirts. The nearest I have ever come to masculine attire is a skin-tight pair of scarlet velvet toreador pants.

I don't mind not being a man. Nobody would stand up for me on buses if I were, and I couldn't burst into tears every time I hear the Moonlight Sonata—and anyway, my husband wouldn't like it. — DOROTHY DRAKE



"All those do's in aid of the underprivileged, undernourished and the underdeveloped—they're playing hell with my figure."



# Toby Competitions

No. 112—Bottle-scarred and Battle-scarred

COMPETITORS are invited to supply a retraction, correction or apology, suitable for publication in a national newspaper, that is (nationally or not) even more damaging than the original item now retracted, corrected or apologized for. Limit 100 words.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. The closing date for entries has been advanced. They must be received by first post on Wednesday, May 11. Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 112, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

## Report on Competition No. 109 (Brave New Island)

Extracts from an encyclopædia of the future describing the history of a remote island about to be discovered this year were requested. Most amateur historians dealt with nuclear weapon experiments and deterioration of the natives after contact with civilization. Any deviation from this rather well-marked theme gained points. By a narrow margin the winner was

MARTIN FAGG  
22 PINewood ROAD  
BROMLEY, KENT

*Anadyomene*.—Discovered by contestant in Billy Butlin International "Round the World in a Dinghy" Race; and named by

first British Council official to step ashore twenty-four hours later to begin series of seminars on T. S. Eliot. This official later elected king by islanders and sacrificed according to ancient custom (see Margaret Mead's *Adolescence in Anadyomene*—1968). This action denounced as an atrocity by the United Nations, who, after four years' debate, decided to administer the island themselves; this decision condemned by *The Times* as "precipitate." Arrival of UNESCO Mission followed by collapse of all existing economic institutions; position partially retrieved by increased sales of tourist knick-knacks, but undermined by discovery that these were almost entirely made in Wigan.

Book tokens to the following:

Still known to the original inhabitants as OI, the continent was first visited by a British delegation to investigate whether the natives should remain independent. Delegation failed to return. Shortly afterwards the Big Two liberated the central deserts of OI, mainly in order to test anti-missile missiles. Original city of OIOI, built by the United Nations in 1981, was inadvertently destroyed by the Swiss during their first nuclear test. In expiation of their error they introduced clock-making. This failed regrettably, the natives having no sense of time. City re-built with Egyptian aid. Continent circumnavigated by Dr. B. Moore, in 1998, only a few months before the mass exodus of the natives to the South Pole.

Peter H. Butler, 9 Church Avenue, Sidcup, Kent

Under a system of limited feminine monarchy, the island experienced alternate phases of authoritarianism and extreme democracy, tyranny and freedom, boom and slump. These political and economic trends were paralleled by contrasting movements in the arts, the Pacific Abstracts phase coming directly after the Maori Representational Old Ham. All these apparently conflicting tendencies, however, were harmoniously reconciled by the Council of Elder Female Statesmen, a hierarchic body whose main function was to promote a New Deal for mankind by bringing the entire male population into labour camps, male nurseries and Schools of Pacific Hutscraft.

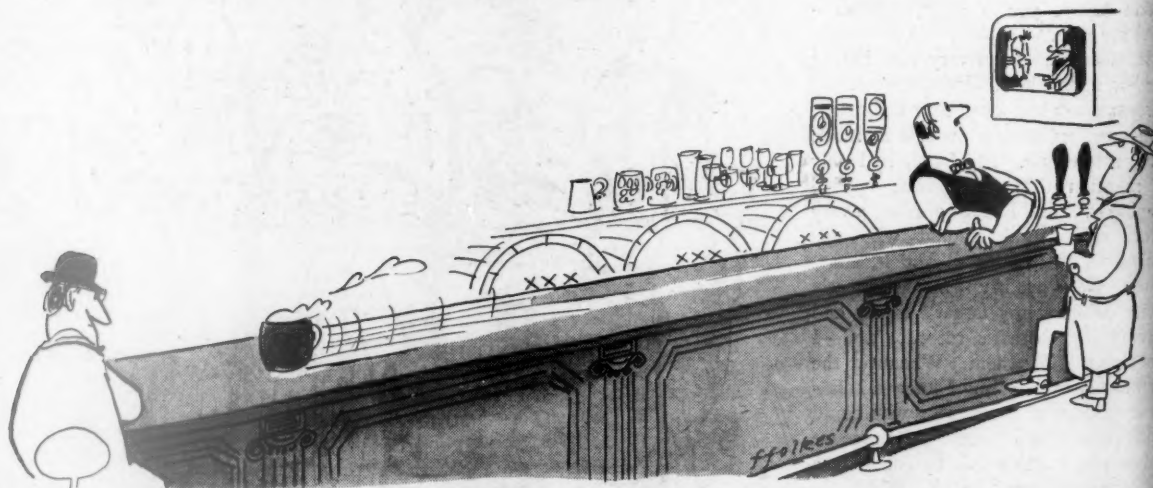
Roger Till, 14 Western Hill, Durham

It was in 2112 that New Chile finally assumed world importance. First came the discovery of Professor Mbenefact, the island's leading chemist, that the juice secreted by the native tree, Koa, while providing the human system with all necessary nourishment, completely took away the desire for food. This discovery not only averted the threatened Afro-Asian famine, but immediately halved the world's working-hours. Ten years later, Professor Mbenefact extracted a substance from the native weed, Yppop, from which he developed the now universally worn second-skin, impervious to heat and cold alike. Thus he solved the world's housing and clothing problems at one stroke, and ended for ever the necessity of man's working.

G. J. Blundell, Littlewood, East Malling, Kent

Book tokens also to:

Philip L. Roe, Christ's College, Cambridge; R. N. Dick Read, 29 Montpelier Place, London, S.W.7; G. L. Short, 49 Alva Way, Carpenders Park, Watford, Herts.



COPYRIGHT © 1960 by Bradbury, Agnew & Company, Limited. All rights of reproduction are reserved in respect of all articles, sketches, drawings, etc., published in PUNCH in all parts of the world. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will always consider requests for permission to reprint. Editorial contributions requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 9d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Eire 4d.; Canada 11d.\* Elsewhere Overseas 41d.† Mark Wrapper top left-hand corner "Canadian Magazine Post" 5" Printed Papers—Reduced Rate."

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION RATES (including all Special and Extra Numbers and Postage): Great Britain and Eire £2.16.0; Canada (by Canadian Magazine Post) \$2.10.0 (\$7.25); Elsewhere Overseas \$3.0.0 (U.S.A. \$9.00).

U.S.A. and Canadian readers may remit by cheques on their own Banks. Other Overseas readers should consult their Bankers or remit by Postal Money Order. For prompt service please send orders by Air Mail to PUNCH, 10 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, England.

inine  
rnate  
reme  
n and  
rends  
nenti  
phase  
esen-  
ently  
were  
cil of  
rchic  
mote  
g the  
umps,  
acific

m

nally  
e the  
the  
juice  
while  
all  
took  
overy  
Asian  
orld's  
essor  
n the  
he  
cond-  
alike.  
and  
ended  
g.  
lling,

Cam-  
belier  
s, 49  
ford,



it in all  
eprint,  
subject  
way of  
ver by

